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THE
WANDERING PATENTEE;
OR, A HISTORY OF
THE YORKSHIRE THEATRES,
FROM 1770, TO THE PRESENT TIME.
VOL. IV.



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THE
WANDERING PATENTEE;
OR, A HISTORY OF
THE YORKSHIRE THEATRES,
FROM 1770 TO THE PRESENT TIME:

Interpersed with ANECDOTES respecting
MOST OF THE PERFORMERS
IN THE THREE KINGDOMS, FROM 1765 to 1795.

BY TATE WILKINSON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

To which are added, never published,
THE DIVERSIONS OF THE MORNING, AND FOOTE'S TRIAL
FOR A LIBEL ON PETER PARAGRAPH.

Written by the late SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

Smith. SO YOU WRITE ON, MR. BAYES?
Bayes. AY—AND SO LONG AS I KNOW ALL MY THINGS
ARE GOOD, WHAT DO I CARE WHAT PEOPLE SAY.—AND
IT SHALL PIT, BOX, AND GALLERY IT, 'EGAD, WITH
ANY BOOK IN CHRISTENDOM."

Duke of Buckingham's Rebearfal.

VOL. IV.

YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY WILSON, SPENCE, AND MAWMAN:

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IS

WANDERING PATIENCE;

THE YORKSHIRE THEATRE;

FROM 1810 TO THE PRESENT TIME;

MOST OF THE PERFORMERS



VOLUME IV.

1810-1811.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR.

BY WILLIAM, ESQ., AND NEWMAN;

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

LONDON: 1811.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE END.

THE
WANDERING PATENTEE.

MR. Kelly and Mrs. Crouch came from Newcastle on Wednesday night, and on Thursday, September 1, 1791, had their benefit. The first piece was "The Haunted Tower," the second was "Richard Cœur de Lion;" the house was crowded, their performances greatly received, and "O! thou wert born to please me" was not omitted, and we finished playing at York till the winter season, 1792. It may be mentioned as something extraordinary, that in a provincial theatre, in the short space of three weeks, Mrs. Jordan, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Kelly, Mrs. Crouch, and Mrs. Esten, all were engaged at the York theatre, and each performed their principal London characters.

I have omitted to mention that Mr. and Mrs. Brown (who after leaving me for Norwich, Co-

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vent Garden, Dublin, &c.) returned again. I wished her to have made her first appearance in Wowski, the night Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Crouch acted Inkle and Yarico; for in the acting part she is inimitable, and far superior to any actresses I have seen; but she foolishly let slip that opportunity, and would make her courtesy, nod, or smile (and no frowning) to her York friends as Miss Tomboy the Romp, in which character she had undoubtedly much merit: but Mrs. Jordan's singing and marking features were not easily effaced, though she had been naughty and in disgrace a little before; and where Mrs. Jordan is in her proper sphere of acting, rivalry is like "Whiffing a pipe of tobacco in the wind's eye," as Capt. Ironsides says. Mr. Brown acted Young Cockney: It is in his power to render himself very useful in a country theatre, but he wants the will. Mrs. Brown had not that race-week an opportunity of establishing her fame, therefore till that account comes in its proper place we will quit York, and open at Wakefield on the Friday following, Sept. 2, 1791.

The cold I had laboured under from my benefit at Leeds, continued till my arrival at York, I was then on the recovery; but so much change of company, late hours with the theatre being open every night (but one) during the three weeks was not the means of getting better, but more than I

was able to encounter with my stomach complaint, even had I been well.

On Thursday, in the festival week, I was at the Oratorio, and was seized so chilly and aguish that I feared a fit of severe illness, and a wantonness of fancy contributed to that painful idea; though never inclined to superstition or to believe in ghosts and hobgoblins, yet I have often such very remarkable dreams, that from their oddity I have repeatedly related them, and Mrs. Leng as the priestess of the company, solves all those awful mysteries. The weakness of suffering a dream to weigh the spirits down certainly does not relish of fortitude, or for the credit of the human system. But in spite of reason, when we are in bad health, there is a nervous power that sways which cannot be resisted, which leads the bravest at times into a degree of despondency, which often lures them, when in a dull mood, (though seldom of any long duration with me) and which makes the mind favour of Hamlet's opinion where he says,

———"And that should teach us
"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
"Rough hew them how we will."

In the Leeds season my dream had not only conveyed me into York Minster, but to my imagination I was locked up there for the night, by

continuing in the Abbey after the congregation had departed. I was standing near the altar, when a person dressed in blue, bade me attend to the monuments; and however strange it may appear, though the stone figures kept their places, I could perceive them plainly direct a conversation to each other, and that not as human bodies, but stone; the eyes, &c. all remaining the same and fixed to their niches, but attentive to each other, and the mouths in motion as if pronouncing to one another's bust some awful and serious reflections. My guide bade me then look through the glass-screen behind the altar, where I perceived a large assemblage of priests, all in white surplices, and some few decorated with scarlet; by their looks they did not seem to attend to me. I asked what such an appearance meant? when my aerial attendant told me, that at the hour of twelve, the spirits of every person buried in that abbey resorted *there* nightly, when I heard (as Queen Mab made me fancy) a voice say, "Shall Wilkinson be permitted to depart or compelled to stay with us?"—a sound replied aloud with great solemnity, "No,—let him depart, and take his short time allotted, for he will not be long on earth."—My companion then led me up the aisles, where on each side there appeared separate galleries, the front balustrade on the ground with seats regularly raised, and full of people, many

of whom I perfectly recollected ; they seemed to converse with each other, and to see and look at me distinctly, tho' like indifferent persons. I could not help observing that the faces of many gentlemen I knew, looked pale ; to which my attendant spirit replied, the cause was owing to what I saw, which was the spirits of the departed not being of corporeal substance, it was their souls who bore the stamps of likenesses in those airy beings, and which kept the strong resemblance of what they were when in their earthly state ; adding, that if I would attend to his appearance, I should find it was that of an airy visionary shade, which like the rainbow cast reflection, and then he vanished. I waked, and next day told my dream at the theatre, when the priestess (Mrs. Leng) declared it was *a warning*. The reader, I fear, will pronounce this such stuff as encroaching too much on his patience ;—but stay a bit, and mark the consequence :—The dream had not made the least serious impression on me, nor did Mrs. Leng's warning ;—but to shew, when ill, how the wandering imagination may be warped and led to be hippish, on the day I was seized with a relapse of my severe cold, the dream had been by me long forgot ; but as I found the disorder increasing with great force, I judged it prudent to get home without waiting the finishing of the performance of the Oratorio, and as I

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turned my head round, and was moving to depart, I found myself on the very spot, leaning against the rails of the communion-table, where I had beheld the priests in my dream, and heard the awful decree pronounced, and which then seemed to thunder in my ears; and all that day and through the long continuance of my indisposition, I fancied it would prove fatal. Fie, Manager! were it known a dream had frightened you, how would your animated foes presume on it?

I got to Wakefield after the races, tho' very ill, so much so, that with fits of coughing I was so overcome and stifled, that I experienced repeatedly falling from my chair from such suffocations, and like one in an apoplexy, gone for several minutes; and those alarming symptoms, which like a fainting fit, is experiencing death for the time, so these serious and violent attacks still more and more made the vision occur. I resolved to try Godbold's Balsam, to which I paid great strictness as to observing the directions; which indeed I am rather apt, as to medicine, to overdo, instead of omitting to take; and it is but justice due to Mr. Godbold's medicine, to declare, that it perfectly cured me of that alarming disorder, and when well I laughed at all dreams, and "Richard" "was himself again." About the third bottle I had been daily mending, and with the fifth was

perfectly cured, though weak. And it was very well that the medicine had the credit to accomplish the end, for it grew so rich and heavy, that it became loathsome, and I do not think I could have managed another bottle, even for life.

I have ventured on being so ridiculous about the dream, as a lesson to young persons in particular, not to let foolish stories make any impression on their minds: for men of any age, when ill, are apt to despond; and men still more so, I conjecture, than women, as they cannot so easily from a contrary habit brook pain and confinement with equal philosophy. And I really believe my giving way to the frequent ruminating on that idle dream, made me worse, and retarded my recovery; therefore *young reader*, in particular, consider dreams as Shakespear explains them to be.

Rom. "Peace, peace!"

"Thou talk'st of nothing."

Mer. "True, I talk of dreams,

"Which are the children of an *idle brain*;

"Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,

"Which is as thin of substance as the air,

"And more inconstant than the wind."

On Monday, September 5, a play was acted, wrote by Mr. Linnecar, called "The Lucky Escape:" It was for Mr. Linnecar's benefit, a

gentleman well known and esteemed at Wakefield, once in great affluence, and now, I hope and believe, in very good circumstances; but his numerous friends judged a benefit-night, as an author of his own play, would afford them an opportunity of paying a compliment, which in his private station they could not do without perhaps wounding his pride and his feelings, from having known better days: the house was crowded, and Mr. Linnecar and his host of friends made mutually happy.

“ They smil’d at giving:—he smil’d at receiving

“ A treasure of joy.”

About the said time I was to lose our favourite Mr. Fawcett, also my right-hand lady, Mrs. Fawcett, as the engagement then drew near for his attending to make good his article with Mr. Harris, according to treaty concluded at Hull 1790. It seemed to me a severe stroke, for the race-week was approaching, and I was very low as to a catalogue of plays. His last performance at Wakefield was on the Friday before the race-week, September 9, 1791. Covent Garden theatre was advertised to open the following week, and Mr. Fawcett was obliged to depart. His last character was *Jemmy Jumps*, to the compliment of a very good house, *though on the eve of the races*. His good success in London I congratulate him

on, and do not doubt but it will greatly encrease and equal my wishes. My forces from Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Cherry, were tossing on the seas, and could not join my standard at Wakefield in time. At the end of the week arrived Mrs. Taylor, from the Hay-Market theatre, to my assistance. Mrs. Taylor is not so well known in London as she ought to be, for she not only possesses a powerful voice, and a pleasing person, but adds a talent of singing to that of acting far beyond the mediocrity of more leading singers.

Mrs. Taylor was well received the Monday following the race-week in the character of Polly. John Wombwell, and John Kaye, Esqrs. were the stewards of the races that year; gentlemen who then and now oblige me by their earnest endeavours to promote my interest in the Wakefield theatre.

On Friday, September 23, arrived my bonny, sensible, little Mr. CHERRY from Dublin: He acted Vapid, and Lazarillo in the farce of "Two Strings to your Bow," as his first appearance in England, on Saturday, Sept. 24, 1791. The applause was highly flattering, but not more than he merited. The play was patronized that night by Sir Rowland Winn, who is wonderfully attached to the theatre; and I hope that inclination will continue, as it is an entertainment that will not, I trust, taint his morals, but will rather serve

as a rational and improving feast of reason to his mind and leisure.

On Monday, September 26, 1791, we closed the Wakefield season with great credit to the company, the approbation of the public, and myself well satisfied with their bounty, generosity, and kindness. The last play was "The Woodman," for the first time there, and "The Spoil'd Child." We lost no time but hastened the next day for Doncaster races, Tuesday, September 27, 1791. That night was acted, "He Wou'd be a Soldier."

Doncaster theatre, the season of 1791, did not produce any thing for romance: the meeting was numerous and respectable as usual. The game was over on Saturday, October 29, 1791, when we bid adieu to our good air, and supplied with good cheer, the horse and the foot prepared for Hull quarters: Therefore, reader, imagine you pack up all your necessaries for a journey, dirty or clean, and quick in a trice I have you at Hull. That theatre opened on Tuesday, November 1, 1791, with "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The Flitch of Bacon," Miss Hardcastle and Eliza by Mrs. Taylor, who was not only well received, but in the course of the season by assiduity and a portion of merit, grew into a deserved degree of more than being a common favourite.

Mr. Cherry, early in the season, made his appearance in Sheltz, Lazarillo, Darby, &c.—In each character he possesses great merit, and has the peculiar excellence as a comedian, that when he has to perform a character not so suited to his genius and abilities, yet still it is not Cherry, but the character so justly conceived, that you perceive the skill of the artist perhaps more when he is out of his walk, than when in; for there are not only many tragic and comic actors who possess, with justice, great-approved merit, yet it is Mr. Such-a-one still, because too much of the same man serves to represent a variety of characters, without paying that necessary difficult attention, to discrimination, which should, of course, demand an alteration of voice, action, motion, &c. and not by the same tones and gait let the discerning part of the audience (for such there will be) too easily perceive that it is Wilkinson or Mr. Syllabub still, instead of feeling and seeing the propriety of the actor, from his different conveyance of one character to another. To do this masterly, or like a Garrick, I grant not to be an easy task; but the matter is not sufficiently attended to: For actors to do the best in their power is all that the best or worst of us can do, and all that can or should be expected by the most rigid; but too many ladies and gentlemen, from the success of face, gesture, &c. pleasing in one

part, (and perhaps with propriety) make the same gesticulations, and the like comic twist, attended with a constant rise and fall of the voice (which is tiresome when substituted for variety), serve for twenty other different characters; and that perhaps not owing to any want of understanding, but being their own advisers, and the partial trumpeting in their ears from their friends, who fancy they understand the art of acting, yet more likely not equal to the finishing the brass candlestick or the tea-kettle, to which business they were bred; therefore the actor looks no farther into his theatrical grammar or dictionary, but goes home perfectly satisfied and well pleased with his own excellence, and prepares the next day for the club-night, where he studies how to flatter the cheesemonger to befriend his benefit, dispose of some tickets, and applaud his appearance; and in return the actor makes the cheesemonger, or the butcher, equally satisfied, by assuring him that he never had heard such good remarks in his life as to the stage or the actors; that Mr. Cheshire was quite right in his opinion how the stage ought to be governed, and wished, that instead of being a cheesemonger he was manager of the theatre, and he (the comedian) was his principal actor!—then he should have justice done!—then the town would know what it would be to have a manager!—and then merit would be rewarded, not tyrannised over!

And however ridiculous and exaggerated these traits may appear, I verily believe it is no more than true, however contrary it may appear to the reader on the first perusal, unless a theatrical inspector. And this kind of conversation, I comprehend, not only happens here, there, and every where, but answers two good purposes; the actor not only disposes of his tickets, but goes home again perfectly happy, except now and then imprecating the manager, and loudly muttering that merit is not sufficiently rewarded. The butcher, or cheesemonger, goes home still more satisfied, for he finds himself a more sensible man than he had hitherto imagined: He always thought, indeed, that he understood acting and plays, but on finding his criticisms not only allowed but praised by his friend the great actor, it must be true; he goes to his rest, pleased and elated beyond conception, with the weight of the inspiring brandy and water (another bowl and then) being added to his replenished understanding, and when he rises with an aching head, but a pleased mind, he is more eager for the play-bill of the day, than to cut beef-steaks to his customers, though it even may rise to his advantage in the purchase of a pit ticket.

Mr. STEPHENS was engaged that season: He is a very useful actor, with a study bordering on the marvellous, when he pleases; yet I once knew

him, from accident, awkwardly out when playing Lord Norland on the first night's representation of "Every One has his Fault." Mr. Stephens is much improved; in person he is above the common standard, which sometimes makes for him, and other times the contrary: He claims a right to encouragement, by approbation in many parts, and is of great utility in the theatre.

I do not here insert revivals, or new pieces in general, unless attended with particular circumstances; as in the York company we play all the novelty acted at the three London theatres. I got up "The Siege of Belgrade," for my benefit, on January 10, 1792, in a very superb manner, both as to scenery and dresses: A London critic would have been surprised to have seen a play in a provincial theatre so accoutred, and so embellished; but, as Diana Trapes says, "The Captain always likes to see his ladies well-dressed," though I rather stifled my friends that first night with too much gunpowder and smoke during the *siege*, which was not only disagreeable but alarming to the ladies. The opera was liked, but the decorations much more so; and since that time I have the bombarding scene done in the same manner as at London, though objected to by a severe critic, who did not know it was London fashion; so that the audience, by that grand al-

teration, were not afterwards offended with the smoke or the fire.

My farce, that night, was the hackneyed one of "The Author;" in which, for the last time there, I acted Cadwallader. I believe the audience is as tired of such a frequent repetition of that part as I am myself of acting it.

The Theatre-Royal, Hull, closed with eclat on Friday, February 3, 1792.

This chronology, may be tiresome in the repetition, yet as exactness is, I regret, the best, if not the only merit the book can boast; and, in that point, it may hereafter, to some theatrical inquirer, prove useful and satisfactory.

The Theatre-Royal, York, opened on Tuesday, February 7, 1792, the company exactly the same as mentioned at Hull. They were all well received, and Mr. Cherry soon got into a higher degree of favour than at Hull;—his benefit was upwards of 110*l.* which was patronized (at my earnest application) by Lady Frankland; Sir Thomas Frankland was that year High Sheriff.

Mr. BOWDEN was engaged for four nights, and acted Capt. Macheath, on Saturday, February 11, 1792, Polly, Miss Reynolds; Lucy, Mrs. Taylor: On the Tuesday following, Hawthorne, On the Thursday, Don Ferdinand, in "The Duenna," with additional songs; and on Saturday, February 13, he performed Robin Hood

and Comus. Mr. Bowden's singing was much admired, but I cannot say he was followed, or was sufficiently rewarded for his trouble; but these accidents and disappointments will happen in the best-governed theatre.

My night was on Easter-Tuesday, April 10, 1792; I acted Cardinal Wolsey, and got up "General Wolfe" in a capital manner: I was honoured with a receipt, which at York, to common prices, was thought a very great house; it was no less than 116*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* the play and farce were both approved. Indeed I was lavish that night with riding my own hobby, in producing a profusion of elegant rich dresses. Don Juan had been got up well at Hull, and was performed at York, but did not please at either place: Not only the ladies, but the people in general, of all descriptions, judged it horrid; indeed, I am myself partly of the same opinion.

On Thursday, April 12, a young gentleman, whose name was FREDERICK, almost a novice to the stage, (having only acted twice the character of Oroonoko at Edinburgh) appeared in that unfortunate prince: His action was unembarrassed and good; his voice remarkably pleasing, but *not* powerful; and his figure, though particularly neat, was deficient in height; of course Oroonoko, Alexander, &c. he should avoid, but there are many parts in which, I think, when ripened

by time, experience, and assiduity, he will rank as a gentleman of consequence on the stage. His behaviour is remarkably polite; he is the son of a gentleman in London; has made the tour of Paris, and has had a good education. How his *papa* likes his wild-goose chase I know not. The said young gentleman I recommended to Mr. Yates, my company being full, and on the first hearing him repeat before Mr. Siddons and others, at Birmingham, he was instantly engaged; and, though so young a proficient, he was entrusted with several of the first characters, which he performed to the satisfaction of his manager Mr. Yates, and the public. He not only lost his benefit at Birmingham that summer, 1792, but was a considerable sufferer as to his apparel, &c. owing to the dreadful calamity of a fire, which consumed not only the theatre, but the tavern adjoining, where Mr. Frederick lodged, who had very nearly lost his life, being brought naked from his bed in flames.

It is too well known that that noble theatre was burned to the ground; and there was every reason to believe, that the conflagration was not owing to chance, but to a diabolical spirit of wilful and determined wickedness.

Mr. Frederick, after that misfortune, acted a few parts at Richmond in Surry, in August, 1792, under the direction of Capt. Wathen, and is now,

I believe, figuring away as a hero in tragedy at the Norwich theatre, which is ably conducted by Mr. Brunton, father to the amiable Mrs. Merry.

On Friday, April 13, I took another jaunt to dear London. I arrived safe on the Saturday noon, and went to apartments which were provided for me at Mr. Reid's hotel, St. Martin's Lane, which joins to (and is indeed thrown into one house, and may be better known as) Old Slaughter's Coffee-house: The lodgings were excellent, and fit for any person, who, as a single gentleman, may want rooms for a short time in London. The house was some years ago occupied by Mr. John Beard, late manager of Covent-Garden Theatre. It was very convenient for me, as being central for all my visitors, and not very distant from any of the theatres, with the advantage of good walking from there to any part of the town, when the weather was fine. I can with great veracity assure any gentleman, that, besides the comfort of good spacious rooms, they will also meet with a very friendly well-informed man in the landlord, Mr. Reid.

I remained three weeks in London, during which time I paid many visits, and received numberless civilities from my friends and acquaintance. A variety of plays, of course, fell to my lot; nor did I omit Ranelagh, Sadler's Wells, or Astley's.

The first play I saw at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, was "Henry VIII.;" the house was so large that the performers appeared very diminutive, as if looking through an opera-glass at the wrong end of the perspective; it reminded me of Edgar's description of Dover Cliff:

How fearful
 And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low?
 The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 Seem scarce so gross as beetles: Half-way down
 Hangs one who gathers samphire—dreadful trade!
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
 The fishermen that walk upon the beach
 Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
 Dimish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight. The murmur'ing surge,
 That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more,
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

Mr. Kemble looked but a boy; but Mrs. Siddons, though lessened by the distance, looked most majestically; indeed so much so, that were a wild Indian to ask me, What was like a queen? I would have bade him look at Mrs. Siddons, in her great chair, in the first act of "Henry VIII." (also in the fourth act), where she sits as Queen Catherine. Her Lady Randolph had not lost but gained in excellence; and her Volumnia.

was also excellent, but not more so than Mr. Kemble's *Coriolanus*,—a finer or a more characteristic display of tragic powers I never saw.

"The Road to Ruin" was that April, 1792, on its full run, the whole play excellently performed at Covent-Garden; but Mr. Lewis certainly was the *Atlas* who bore all on his shoulders; for his Goldfinch was hailed with shouts of triumph from box, pit, and galleries.

I resolved on Sunday, April 22, to make a review of Harrow-on-the-Hill, a place I had never been at from the year 1752, and where I first commenced acting. I invited Mrs. Esten, but she would not go, as a lady informed her a good dinner could not be provided; but that material article did not prevent me, who went (as I did the year before to Portsmouth) to moralize on past times and view the tombstones, to remind me of the persons I could not see, but by such an ideal restoration again beholding them in thought. As Mrs. Esten would not favour me with her company, her brother Captain Bennett and his lady obliged me with theirs. The time was so long since I had been that road, that unless I had seen, I could not have believed that a remarkable place like Harrow, within twelve miles of London, should be so dreary and uninhabited; but to my astonishment, (except a small village about half way) I do not think twenty

houses can be counted after passing the turnpike on the Edgware road; and what is more remarkable, after the first toll-gate, there is not another between and Harrow, and the roads not being a regular turnpike, they are very disagreeable; I do not know a worse road, except that between Grantham and Stamford, which is shamefully neglected. This inconvenience made it impossible to get on quick. About five miles from Harrow we perceived a gentleman driving a curricule with four horses, and as he approached nearer it was very perceptible by his action he wanted our chaise to stop; observing his motion, I said we must take care of our pockets, for that gentleman I fancy has been robbed, and intends kindly to give us notice that there are highwaymen on the road; which indeed was a bad road for the purpose, for though on a Sunday, and so near the metropolis, we did not meet three persons on horseback, nor any other carriage (but the one mentioned) on travelling the whole twelve miles. When our chaise was stopped and the gentleman's curricule along side of us, he very politely told me, that he had been conveying his two sons to school after the Easter holidays, but that an unlucky accident had happened to his carriage, which obliged him to return as well as he could, leaving his sons within about four miles of Harrow to walk there as well as they

could, he felt extremely uneasy for their parading so far, and he should esteem himself under a great obligation if I would speak to them on the road, and if I was going to Harrow would inform him the next day that they were safe at their boarding-house, without any accident, and the gentleman then presented me with his card, which was "*The Hon. Mr. Onslow, Dover-street.*" I undertook the commission, and in return desired to know if there was a good house at Harrow, where a tolerable dinner could be provided? that gentleman said he feared he could not recommend a very good one, but that Henry the Eighth's Head on the right hand was the best; on which he drove for London, and we pursued our route for Harrow. We soon perceived our young gentlemen, on their march for school; I stopped the chaise and told them I was honoured with their father's desire to inform him they got safe to Harrow, and as I supposed they had not dined, I hoped they would favour me with their company, and dinner would be ready most probably by the time they got there, with which invitation they complied with much seeming pleasure. The post boy would insist the Old King Henry the Eighth's Head was the principal house which was to the left, and that the gentleman meant right hand, as on the road from Harrow. So I let the driver have his way, but was shewn into a dirty

bed-chamber, without a fire, and no larder to attract the eye, nor savoury chine or capon at the fire, I hurried out and got to the other King's Head up the little town of Harrow, and as we judge often by comparison, so had I gone to that house first I should have been dissatisfied, but going there the last, after having viewed the other, it bore a considerable advantage: on examination I do not believe the parlour had been painted from the day I dined there with my mother when I first was sent to Harrow school. But with a thumping roasted neck of mutton, boiled fowls, not of the chicken kind, but those with a few *et cæteras*, and being hungry, (for the wind on that hill was very keen) our little party did very well, and my two new acquaintance played a good knife and fork; we plied the landlord's cellar, drank our glasses cheerfully, and did not find fault with what could not be mended. The landlord had kept that house for some time prior, he told me, to the year 1752, consequently I had his company after dinner to inform me of the dead and the living, and where most of the scholars still existing of my time were disposed of.

It is very strange that a place with so large a school, the second to Eton and Westminster, should not support a good inn or tavern, instead of which they are truly despicable, and destitute of every comfort, for the very chimney smoked

so insufferably, that a scolding wife would have completed the scene. From seeing at least three or four heads of Henry VIII. I thought that monarch might have made some bequest or charter in its favour, but on inquiring found it was no such thing; for the school was founded originally by an old gentleman of the neighbourhood.

Whilst the dinner was preparing, I went alone to every corner of the village I could recollect. In most towns we see extraordinary alterations and improvements, yet that was not the case at Harrow, for every brick seemed the same, only, like myself, bore stronger marks of age than forty years ago; the steps to the school where I used unwillingly to creep every morning, were exactly the same, and the iron rails on each side all in *statu quo*; the large school room and its doors, all the same, but worse for the wear; for neither paint nor whitewash had ornamented any part of that large building. Why I could assure myself of the fact of non-repair, was the seeing the names of Frederick Thackery, Lord Downe, the Dives's, and others just with their original scratches, but well blackened with time; even the old oaken seats for the principal masters seemed shattered, but the same. I had this inspection of the school-room without trouble, as it was open to collect the scholars for church, but no fire, so

I did not wish for my former seat-place in the forum. From the school-room I went to church, where the gallery for the scholars, the old brass candlesticks, and roof were just the same; and the purity of the temple could not be accused of receiving any profaneness or pollution from the hands of art: The very stile and gate to the churchyard were without the smallest alteration, which made the spot feel so familiar, that I seemed almost to have awoke from a dream, and was at my former home. I found on inquiry, that the schoolmasters, Dr. Thackery, and Mr. Prior the famous flagellant, had long since paid the debt of nature. I called at Mr. Reeves's, the son to my former master, where I had boarded, and of whom I have mentioned so many particulars in my Memoirs. His father was dead, and what was very extraordinary, only on hearing the name of Wilkinson announced, (from the having accidentally read my book) he guessed who I was; for on entering the room, he instantly said, "I fancy, Sir, that you are Mr. Wilkinson of York?" his mother he said was then living, but was two miles from Harrow, and would have been very happy to have seen me. Mr. Reeves's house, with only the alteration of one window, was exactly the same as I left it forty years ago; the same little garden, staircase, &c. and the room I was ushered into was the very same where I was adorned to appear

as a Romeo and a Lady Townly, and on inquiring was well assured not any play had been permitted from that time.

I do not know how these kind of visits may read or appear to the imagination of others, but to me the sensation is pleasingly and seriously affecting.

We dined about four, and I believe it was past seven when we left Harrow, and by the advice of the driver, we came round by Acton; I believe it might be near three miles about, and paid one or two turnpikes extraordinary, but we were made ample amends by good roads, a constant bustle of carriages, and a pleasant inn to stop at and refresh. Were I to go a hundred times to Harrow, I would always go the round-about way, not only for pleasure, but as actually the nearest way home.

On the Monday I gave information as desired to Mr. Onslow, who returned me a very polite letter of thanks. I said it was a pleasing adventure the meeting with those two young gentlemen, and having the satisfaction of seeing them so happy as I endeavoured to make them, and it also rendered our own dinner more entertaining. Yet Captain Bennett would not allow it to be an adventure, but a good incident; so a good incident let it be.

To mention the various plays, &c. I visited, would occupy too much paper and time, but it would be narrow in theatrical politics not to acknowledge that the procession to Cymon was superior to any thing of the kind I had ever witnessed; and before I wheel back from that trip on Thursday, May 3, 1792, I must beg leave to go where I never was fond of going, and that is once more to school.

Mr. Fawcett, whose attention to me, his old manager, was so truly respectful as to claim a place in my memory locked, obliged me with his company; and my old acquaintance Mr. Moody met us in his neat little chaise, and horse well-fed, on the Surry side of Westminster Bridge, in order to visit Half-farthing Farm, near Wandsworth. Mr. Moody was rheumatic, and found I was by much the better man for a dance of the two; for he was obliged to lag behind at the Coffee-house, at Wandsworth, and Mr. Fawcett and I proceeded on foot up the Half-farthing Lane, which I conjecture may be a mile, and where I had never trod either stone, earth, or sod, from the year 1748, the time I went there to school, and when arrived at Mr. Tempest's grounds, I pointed out to Mr. Fawcett the bounds allowed for the boys, as perfectly as if I had been there but the week before. I do not mean to remark this as from good memory, but to note, that not the least al-

teration had taken place in the course of so many years, and that on a spot as retired as if in the remotest part of Wales, and yet within six miles of London; and that is my principal reason for mentioning so trivial a circumstance as my visiting that spot, besides the notion of paying a visit to the dead more than to the living: and in a lane of that length which had been my usual tramp many years ago, instinct only was what helped me as an informer to Mr. Fawcett; for I do not recollect houses, whose inhabitants, or any one foot passenger to have afforded us intelligence of any kind. When we arrived it was past two, the lads were all collected at school, and the servants of the house were at dinner, which added so much to the stillness of the scene on that day of sunshine, that to me made it wonderfully agreeable, having so often reviewed that place in thought and in my dreams. With important consequence I pointed out to Mr. Fawcett such and such a place, and when in the yard of the house a servant came and asked who I wanted, I said Mr. Tempest, and when the said Mr. Tempest came I actually started as at a fancied ghost, for I suppose *that* Mr. Tempest had been eight or ten years old in the year 1747 or 48, and the 3d of May 1792, having loaded a few years upon the young shoulders, he was so like in features that he actually seemed the very man arose from the

dead who had often ferruled my head and hands. I told him mine was an impertinent visit of curiosity, and begged he would humour my fancy so far, as to let me explore the house, and point out what alterations I could find without being informed. First, I observed that the kind of courtyard was a place much improved, but a large barn which used to stand near that place was eradicated, like Beau Trippit's ideas in the Lying Valet. Mr. Tempest said I was very right, but that said building had been a nuisance, and by purchasing it of the landlord, he had pulled it down and formed a little shrubbery: At first the consequences were dreadful, for the rats had in return for the affront, taken possession of his house, but at last with great pains and expence he had extirpated the race, and the school-house was entirely free; a piece of information that would have given me true pleasure had I meant to have slept there. From that I proceeded to the garden, then into the parlour, and next into the old dining-room, where the very same chairs seemed to have eyes, and looked at me, so strong is a whimsical brain. Paint had not adorned, by alteration, the room in any part; for which reason every thing I met pleased my eye better, as our old acquaintance should always be remembered with an old face, and not with a nod of reflection or pause, as saying—"Indeed, I do not know you." From

the saloon room I marched Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Tempest to the lads' grand apartment, that used to serve for dinner, and where I have thrown many a piece of heavy *fad* plumb-pudding under the table, and for the said act got many a rap on the knuckles; from that into the school-room, where the old furniture still appeared, and only wanted my neglected slate and copy-book, &c. to improve my writing. Being satisfied, and having had a full and true account of the deaths and weddings, and that Mr. George Page (son of Mr. Page, who in the year 1747 I remembered as my good friend when he was house-keeper at Covent-Garden theatre) had married Mr. Tempest's sister, I was taking my leave and asked Mr. Tempest to dinner, who apparently seemed much pleased with the invitation, but it occurred to my bad memory that it was necessary to inform Mr. Tempest that the dinner ordered for Mr. Moody, Mr. Fawcett, and myself, was as distant from Half-farthing Farm as Cumberland Gardens, near Vauxhall, on which information the school-master gave up all thoughts of attending at such a distance, and I could have bit my tongue for spite, for having offered the semblance only of an invitation, after the trouble I had given him, without being sincere in my compliment. The trio however had a very comfortable dinner at that very pleasant spot, Cumberland Gardens,

and I got to Covent-Garden theatre with Mr. Fawcett before eight.

On Sunday the 6th in the evening I left London for York in the mail, and wearied with the fatigue of the constant attendance to the public amusements, and the rapidity of the conveyance, I got a great cold and weary bones for my drudgery of pleasure.

Previously at York I had engaged Mrs. WHITLOCK to perform a few characters. That lady is a sister of Mrs. Siddons, possesses much sterling merit, but is at times apt to fall into a dull seeming mediocrity: She is a great treasure for a country theatre, and would be so for a London one, provided she pays more regard to an uniformity of acting and character, as she is by no means wanting in her portion of the family understanding.

Mr. Whitlock, as well as Mrs. Whitlock, is happy in possessing great private esteem from the most respectable families wherever they go. He has much merit as an actor, equally so as a gentleman of integrity; and has his reputation well established in the north of England as a Dentist, by which he gains a considerable addition to his yearly income*.

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* Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock are, 1794, both at Philadelphia, in America, where they are receiving much profit, with equal respect and universal esteem.

York season concluded with Mrs. Whitlock's benefit, on Wednesday, May 16. Leeds theatre opened the Friday following, May 18, 1792.

Mr. HAMERTON from Ireland arrived and acted Ranger on Friday, June 27. That gentleman has a handsome manly appearance; abounds with spirit, even to the want of docking the exuberancies: he has evidently paid much attention to Mr. Lewis of Covent-Garden. It will be Mr. Hamerton's own fault if he does not make himself worthy every attention from his audience and his managers.

That season at Leeds 1792, was better attended than any I ever remember. The trade of that populous town was flourishing to a degree unknown. The theatre often overflowed; and the methodists had no occasion to grumble, for their meetings were crowded even to an abundance; there were numbers sufficient to satisfy both parties. I was doubly obliged for a good season and a crowded benefit, which was on July the 12th, 1792; a compliment I cannot in truth often boast of, for I am sorry to say it is quite the reverse at Leeds. We closed the theatre there on Monday, July 30, 1792, for Mr. Cummins's benefit, to a bumper of a house; and I could have given the audience a receipt in full for all demands with an unknown circumstance, (one excepted) which was an overplus in my pocket.

May I every year have the same occasion to return the Leeds audience my thanks on the same account; but I have my doubts.

The Pontefract theatre was opened that year 1792, on Wednesday, August 1, and was, as usual, very genteely attended; and if regular pay, good quarters, and a charming country (without study—for the plays were repeated as before acted at Leeds) could make actors happy, Pontefract must be esteemed a charming lounge. What must have rendered it particularly so in 1792, as all the summer before that jaunt took place, and indeed after, was a deluge of rain, wind, and a continued round of dreadful weather, yet the whole little season at Pontefract was a delightful short summer; for the rains did not set in till the Saturday we left that place to attend the York race-week; and that only served to cool and water the roads and render them pleasant after the heat; but the continuance of rains, after they did set in, I believe, that gentlemen, the manager, the farmer, and many others would have wished otherwise; and credit, that even Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick felt a little inconvenience, that wonderful manifesto year of his.

Mrs. POPE was engaged for the York races 1792; and as Pontefract was on her road to York, she very politely agreed to play there the last night, and to perform *Lady Townly*. This was an un-

expected treat. The season closed with Mrs. Pope's performance, Saturday, August 18.

Pontefract theatre is too small to afford a meal to London performers with their appetite for gold; but it paid Mrs. Pope's expences: and the inconvenience of coming two miles only out of the road, obliged the inhabitants and me in having that lucky stroke of proving how willing I was to please my friends in that town to the best of my power, when ever opportunity offered.

Mrs. Pope was engaged to perform four nights in the race week, at York, viz. Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday; and to please my own vanity, I acted Shylock, on the Monday, August 20, 1792: I advertised it for the last time of my appearing in that character; for I have acted it so often, I judged the public had been very indulgent and partial to me, and really believe I may pay myself the compliment that I was weary of the part much more than the audience. I have reason to flatter myself they were pleased with my performance, if I may judge by that true criterion, a great reception and warm applause throughout the Jew; but dull repetition deadens all our blifs, and I judged it finishing my Shylock with great eclat, having the powerful aid of Mrs. Pope's Portia, who had fixed on that part for her first appearance on the York stage. Her reception was what it should be, and

what I expected, a very gracious one; to which she certainly had a claim as an established excellent actress, whose private conduct has led her yearly before a London audience, with fame supporting her on one hand, and private worth receiving acknowledgment on the other.

The York theatre on that night was favoured with all the first people of the city, and of those who attended the races, of which gentlemen were very numerous. I rather feared the receipt that evening; for when the doors opened, till the play was over, it was a cataract of rain; but the house produced near one hundred pounds. And that I might not be surprised at rain, it continued at the same rate for days and weeks in successive weighty showers.

On Tuesday, August 21, Mrs. Pope played Zara, and I produced myself as her father Lusignan—(*for the last time*). We were both received most kindly, nor was the audience forgetful of Mr. Cummins in Osman: he looked and played that character exceedingly well; nor was I wanting in decorating the Sultan most superbly, to let Mrs. Pope see they had *not all* the good dresses in London.

On Friday, August 24, Mrs. Pope played Lady Rodolpha, in Mr. Macklin's play of "The Man of the World," which drew a very crowded audience. If this book is now in the hands of a

Londoner, I need not say that Mrs. Pope played it incomparably. The farce was "The Author," Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader by Mr. Wilkinson and Mrs. Pope. I was so dizzy all the second act, that I was really alarmed; for surely the idea of falling down on the stage is a shocking sight to the beholders and the sufferer. I had acted three times that week, and the exercise had rather served me than done me a prejudice; and Cadwallader to me was so easy, that it could not be called extraordinary fatigue.

On Saturday, August 25, Mrs. Pope finished the week with Queen Elizabeth, bedecked in her London regalia, and is one of the richest characteristic dresses I ever saw; but I am sorry to relate her splendour could not awe or obtain silence throughout the play; for the galleries bore a bear-garden resemblance during the whole of the performance, yet they were attentive to Gen. Wolfe: that is a strange transition on a crowded gallery-night I cannot account for; it is too often the case at London during the Christmas holidays, and particularly if a new pantomime is promised as the desert: on such an occasion the play is never considered but disturbed with never-ceasing noise and uproar, particularly if a tragedy; but when Harlequin makes his appearance all is attention, mixed with roars of laughter.

The week's produce to the theatrical treasury was 518l. 10s. 6d. The Monday was appointed for Mrs. Pope's benefit; Cymbeline was the play, in which Mr. Pope ushered forth to assert his right in Imogen, as her husband Posthumous; they were both well received to a crowded house. Mrs. Pope's Imogen, and Mrs. Kitty, in the farce of "High Life" was much admired; and Mr. Pope charmed the ladies not only with his acting but his very handsome figure. The Theatrical Magazine noticed an absurdity, which did not happen improperly, as the writer chose to mention it; he found fault that Mrs. Pope (who was the Imogen) should lament over Cloten's dead body as supposing it was Posthumous; but that it was a contradiction, for the body was not in the garments belonging to Posthumous. Mr. Southgate, at rehearsal, asked Mr. Pope—whether he should not put on *his* dress? but Mr. Pope told him no, it was not the dress Cloten should wear, which the audience had seen Posthumous in, either when in England or in Italy, but a garment supposed to have been left by Posthumous on his departure from England; therefore any dress was right except the identical one which Posthumous had appeared in; and when Cloten is discovered seeking for Imogen on his road to Milford Haven, he is then judged to be dressed in the very suit which Pisanio has given him as

Posthumous's clothes, which the audience had not seen till that instant. As to scenery being adapted in every theatre-royal out of London, it is impossible, I can venture to affirm that I have treble the quantity of most theatres, and a great deal of excellent changes, but the size of the stage, the flats being chiefly on rollers, and many other circumstances, without mentioning it as an enormous expence, which no theatre out of London can bear: yet it is impossible to have performed some particular pieces, and a long various Pantomime with scenery all exactly proper, for they are so fixed, and the preparation behind wanting time and room, occasions it an absolute and unavoidable necessity to drop a handsome apartment down occasionally to cover in, which should with propriety very likely be a farmer's house. But many plays and entertainments are strictly right as to dresses, scenery, and decorations; and that is saying a great deal, all things considered.

That night, August 27, was the last of performing till the winter season. I gave my audience at Leeds a treat with Mr. and Mrs. Pope, on Wednesday, August 29, when they acted Jaffier and Belvidera; on Friday the 31st, Posthumous and Imogen; Monday, September 3, Lord and Lady Townly, and Mrs. Pope added Mrs. Kitty in "High Life Below Stairs;" and on Tuesday, September 4, they finished at Leeds, with Dori-

court and Lætitia Hardy in "The Belles Stratagem."

We were so expeditious in our movements, that we opened the Wakefield theatre on the ensuing Wednesday, September 5, 1792; Lord and Lady Townly by Mr. and Mrs. Pope. On Friday they performed Mr. and Mrs. Beverley, in "The Gamester," where their excellent acting deserved more attention; but I am sorry to say, that the Wakefield audience failed me, and did not pay any compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Pope for them to remember at London with thankfulness; for they both parted, the audience and that gentleman and lady, with as little ceremony as they met. Mrs. Pope acted Mrs. Kitty after Mrs. Beverley.

On the last night of their acting, as I was walking the box passage, a piece of pear or apple carried me with such velocity, that it dislocated my knee, but luckily it slipped instantly into the socket, and in the slide the slip on the passage occasioned, I had time to wildly expect I should fall with my leg under me and experience a second fracture.

Mr. Pope the next day was so kind as to call on me to bid adieu, and I had an opportunity of thanking them for their kind, friendly and sensible behaviour; and I hope I made them as comfortable at York as my mansion would admit.

The race week at Wakefield followed their departure, and was very productive, though the weather was incessantly out of season every day and night. The company had remained close to me their old manager, and by not having any change of performers that year, my catalogue of plays and farces were very extensive, and several new and old pieces in most excellent order; so the town was gratified with good entertainment, and I was equally satisfied and pleased with crowded houses. And it is not a vaunt to say, that Wakefield is so situated, that it is not in the power of any equal company of strength and ability to entertain that liberal town as the York comedians. Many poor managers boasting run about scouring troops of little country companies, may vaunt, look big, and promise,

“Who may stare, nod, and pout,

“But tap ’em and the devil a drop comes out.”

Yet people will listen to such foolish unimportant meteors, when it is easily to be comprehended, that a London, an Edinburgh, a Bath, or a Dublin theatre, from their superior consequence, (and after these in the theatrical catalogue, York and Hull,) are superior as yearly theatres for assurance of a comfortable constant income, to any other theatrical spots in the kingdom. Norwich stands in a very respectable light,

and affords an easy, genteel, gentlemanlike income; but Yorkshire undoubtedly claims the rank of preference, which I have given it; as York and Hull combined form a creditable winter residence. The Manchester reader will scoff at my ignorance of the superiority of that flourishing town: But, Mr. Manchester, I am speaking of the yearly round; and though your town, *singly*, is superior to York, your company is not so good, and you blame your manager. But the reason that I have plays acted at York better than you have at Manchester, take them for all in all, is because mine is a yearly round, and Manchester, with a little assistance from Chester only, does not support a company (*to a certainty*) above eight months; and consequently the company is broke up every year; and many such performers thus reduced would wisely prefer my constant full pay and good quarters: but were I to practice the same mode, it would be much more to my advantage; tho' the proposed remedy would be as disagreeable and hazardous as the Lancashire medicine for the cure of a bite from a mad dog. For though I might by contrivance get some well-bred hunters for the York course, yet Wakefield, Doncaster, and Leeds, could not yield such a golden or silver harvest as to procure a good stud; as most of the well-fed cattle would be grazing at various summer and

autumn places of fashionable resort, and would not house till November.

But let me stick to Wakefield at the races 1792. The race-week was not only supported most warmly, but also the week following; I mean taking the nights on an average.

Mr. Linnecar, at the desire of his friends, had a second benefit, on Wednesday, September 19, to a play wrote by that gentleman, called "The Generous Moor," and the receipt was the greatest I had ever known, being equal, at the common prices, to Mrs. Siddons's acting there at London prices.

The theatre closed on Monday, September 24, 1792, to a noble audience, in spite of bad weather; and on Tuesday, September 25, we set off, not ding-dong, but splish-splash, through thick and thin, for Doncaster races; we played that night as usual:—"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, without loss of time, the play is just going to begin." On that Tuesday we performed "Wild Oats" and "Rosina."

Though self is generally of importance to self, and to no other person, yet I have neglected to relate, that, from the time of my dizziness mentioned when acting Cadwallader at York races, it never left me, but gave frequent tremors and surprises, and in the race-week at Wakefield (I hope luckily, but am certain painfully), it pro-

duced, for the first time to me, a fit of the gout; and the visitor was so rude as not to be contented with one foot, but the inhuman evil violently seized on them both. At Wakefield I was carried into the chaise like a senseless weight, to set forward and enjoy the pleasures of the Doncaster meeting; I was plaguy angry at seeing the lads and lasses laugh at the old man's being carried all beflannelled and helpless into the chaise; I was ready to cry for vexation, and wished to have had a general wailing and gnashing of teeth for old Wilkinson; but I could not perceive a trait of such tenderness: on the contrary my muffled figure and appearance seemed rather to create merriment. Next, the roads disconcerted me, for with four horses I feared I should not reach Doncaster. It astonished me to find that town so full, when I declare that the horses were good to the chaise, but they repeatedly fell into the mire from the depth of the roads, which, as in September, I had never seen so frightful in the most dreary desperate season. However, at last I got, with my son, safe to Doncaster, which pleasing town I did not find crowded with plebeians it is true, but it is certain, that it abounded with genteel families and gentlemen to an extraordinary degree, not only as to numbers, but of distinction. The subscribers to the Assembly-rooms were upwards of 330. The theatre was well attended

that week, but not with any extraordinary success, there not being one great house. The races that year, 1792, though brilliant as to appearance of rank and fashion, had the fewest country farmers, and lasses on their pads with their sweethearts, that I ever recollect. M. A. Taylor and J. L. Kaye, Esqrs. were the stewards, and on the Friday night gave a supper and ball after their desired play, which was of great service to the theatre, as it detained several ladies and gentlemen who could not resist the invitation, and who otherwise would have been from Doncaster that night,

“ Over the hills and far away.”

After that race-week, entered in grand procession, to my great satisfaction, the West-Riding militia for a monthly residence, in which there were and are several of the first gentlemen of fortune in the county of York. The theatre that season was more attended to than at all times happened; and, to make that better, soon arrived the hero and commander, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

His Grace and the officers desired “The Recruiting Officer” and “No Song no Supper,” on Saturday, October 20. I was well-stocked with novelty, as to new pieces, to entertain the public, and was not much put out of tune with the indispositions of the performers; I was held fast by

the legs the whole season, and was actually a prisoner for five weeks by the continuance of the gout. I got out on Monday, October 22, to act Wolsey for my son's benefit, who in general has one at Doncaster in lieu of one, in the usual course of benefits, at Leeds; for the annual train are at Hull, York, and Leeds, which renders the receipts of Doncaster and Wakefield more lucrative to me than an auditor would imagine on seeing only a middling audience at either of those towns; but the unavoidable drawback which happens at Leeds, Hull, and York, but particularly at York, is so great as not only destroys all profit on those nights marked down as unfashionable, and still worse, the actor's bad benefits; for on those dismal occasions I am of course a considerable loser, and have to work for the dead horse, with only half a loaf of the good houses. For though, for instance, at Hull, on benefits, the receipts amount occasionally to a very considerable sum, yet my plan there, being a division after 4l. makes a theatre not abound with profit to excess. Where the expences are great, the manager's nights (before the benefits) are very rarely good, and the shares of the bad benefits oblige me to make up from the half of the good ones. But, on the other hand, it must be allowed, that the evil is in part a remedy; for what I have said is strictly truth; but were it not for the three yearly benefits I could

not keep a good company together, and they are the props that do sustain my house, and the means whereby I live; and in my gleanings of the autumn harvest at York, Wakefield, and Doncaster, except double salaries on the public weeks, they come not in for any squeeze of the orange. I have not mentioned the above as a complaint, or being dissatisfied, but to convey a true reason why my purse is not weighed down, where from want of reflection and experience a sensible reader may form a superficial view, allot me riches I do not possess, or accuse me of ingratitude for hiding from the public knowledge a part of the largesse they so willingly bestow,—I only hint a wish that the York, Hull, and Leeds seasons (*without any supposed charge as to rent*) would pay the actual expences incurred, which indeed, I honourably declare, they do not. I have repeatedly proclaimed that I hate ingratitude, and fervently hope I ever shall; but as to my income the books are as open as the play-bill of the day, and, thanks to Mr. Swalwell, are fit for the nicest inspection, and would in twenty-four hours make a methodist a complete manager, from the crowned theatric monarch's expences, as 2s. for a soldier, 1s. for a devil, and 1s. for a gun to shoot Harlequin with. This digression is, in some degree, pardonable, as an inspector is requested, not rejected.

The theatre at Doncaster, in 1792, sailed on with smooth water; neither storms, assailments, riots, disturbances, or dissatisfaction against my troop appeared or lay concealed, yet I was peevish from pain. H. Heaton, Esq. was mayor, and not only rendered assistance to the theatre with bringing his friends, and not sparing his own pocket, but willing to assist any improvement in the playhouse.

I cannot close the Doncaster theatre, talk of gratitude, and be sensible of favours, but his Grace of Norfolk bursts instantly before my eyes: I view him stronger than the exact likeness of his Grace displayed that year in the exhibition at Somerset-House, which commanded all tribute of praise to the artist.

I never was so puzzled to pay a compliment, or to wish his Grace to be made sensible how much I esteem myself honoured by his kindness, and in gratitude bound to acknowledge his goodness. If the reader supposes I have been lavish with fulsome expressions of thanks to his Grace, he is much deceived. The Duke of Norfolk has conferred many favours, and one of value, and for that I never gave any thanks, which certainly bore the marks of rudeness and want of respect, and what was worse, in my opinion, a want of feeling. The true reason was, I did not conceive how to please myself, for I was not such a fool as not to be well aware gross flattery or fulsome

thanks would have sunk, not have raised me in his Grace's opinion; and to have done it in a bungling manner must have been very awkward for me to have presented, or his Grace to have received; and to have made an offering of thanks in such a manner as I could have wished I feared was not within the scope of my genius or ability, though the will was not wanting: And now I only hammer on it and cannot do it. To flatter is not difficult; but to be sensible and clever I can only guess at; and I think, were my talents better than what I can boast, or my best friends grant, I could not hit upon a mode to please myself; for to wish being clever or opulent is not to be commanded, as myself or many a good estated man can be instanced. Wealth does not always command virtue, talents, honour, or innate worth, joined to integrity: They are not to be purchased, and

"They that are false to pious benefits

"And make compell'd necessities their faiths,

"Are traitors to their God."

Indeed, flattery detected, which it often deservedly is by rigid discernment, throws the reptile that offers it into most despicable distance; to avoid which I will humbly request his Grace of Norfolk to fancy me his faithful and obliged servant, and to let me say

"The clapper of my mouth, it is not glibb'd

"With court oil, 'twill not strike on both sides."

Yet I dare avow one thing as a truth, the which cannot be controverted, and that is, ever since I have had the honour to be known to his Grace of Norfolk, that I never observed him by look, word, or action, contradict the old good maxim, of seeing a man with the same eye of golden behaviour that makes no difference in the day or the night or the morrow, but continues the rays of conciliating golden protection and warmth of benevolence. My Lord Duke's demeanor is so open and benevolent, that the proper familiarity, attended with good manners and propriety, may always be offered with ease and confidence. He sits not, as Sir Oracle, to be himself only, but to please and be pleased with his guests; and what is still better, his manners are not professedly warm one day and cool the next, and if walking with his equals, would not pass superciliously by, but would break from them to call on a Wilkinson to ask him how he did, or if passing by would not forget he had known him for several years, nor would he avoid saying, "Wilkinson, how do you do? when shall I see you?" Did many proud ones I know, of very inferior degree to the personage of whom I am taking the presumption to speak, mark and follow such an example, they would obtain much more true esteem; for the heart even of the most wicked, I believe, bounds at goodness from those above them, and even those on the most levelling

principles. For half that vaunting, I fear, springs in fact from fancied humbleness, with acted outward professions, "Whilst (as Shakspear says) "the heart is crammed with arrogance, with "spleen, and pride." I have seen so much of this, that it makes me not anxious of new friends: and what is to be lamented, which I often do, is, when I see young minds make frequent proofs of such a shallow practice: And by such a specious behaviour, a little mind in the bloom of youth is only sowing the seeds of foppery, leaving the root of worth (once taking place) neglected by, never again to bud, blossom, and bear the fruit of that beauteous tree called *integrity*, which is proud to shelter with its wings and bestow the blessings of benevolence.

I will return once more to his Grace of Norfolk, and proclaim aloud "God bless you, my Lord Duke, and may you long enjoy the blessings of health and spirits, annexed to your affluence, and make yourself and your friends of all degrees happy around you.

And now to make my bow, or rather have it made for me by proxy at Doncaster; on Tuesday, October 30, 1792, we will suppose the curtain dropped, and the company in full march for Hull quarters, full of thought as to good benefits, hot punch, and the roasted duck for supper. And in truth the players do oftener go

to dinner at Hull, than Mr. Bayes imagined in Dryden's days; for they receive more invitations at that port, than during all the rest of the year: therefore whenever Hull is named, each actor smacks his lips, and *ideally* tastes good eating *gratis*.

In 1792, Hull theatre opened on Friday, November 2, with "The Suspicious Husband." Mr. Hamerton's first appearance was on that night in Ranger. Mr. Bowden was engaged for four nights, and on November 6, 7, 9, and 13, performed Macheath, Hawthorne, Lionel, and concluded with Robin Hood, the Drummer in "The Flitch of Bacon," and Comus with Songs: he was much better paid and attended than at York, and the Hull audience were well pleased. Soon after that trip to Hull, he engaged with Mrs. Eften for the Edinburgh theatre.

The performers in general were the same at Hull as in the year 1791, except Mr. Hamerton, and Mrs. Simpson, who had not been with me for some years. That lady was from the Bath stage, where she was a great favourite, and so established in that comfortable and eligible situation, that I rather am inclined to think she was very wrong to quit it, unless she had more substantial reasons than I am at present acquainted with. Her person I have before described as little, but delicate in the extreme: She is a very plea-

sing elegant actresses, both in tragedy and comedy, but not powerful nor great as the commanding breath of kings; but she is always sure to gain the good word of gentlemen and ladies, and all the parts of a good-natured theatre.

On Friday, December 7, I advertised Shylock, for the last time, and gave the following reason:

“ And pitied Betterton in age,
“ Who ridiculed the godlike rage.”

“ As it may be conjectured (by some persons)
“ whenever Mr. WILKINSON advertises SHYLOCK,
“ or any other part, for the *last* time, that such
“ a mode seems apparently tinged with affectation, and the assumption of conceit and false
“ consequence; in order to prevent such surmise
“ from taking root, and being circulated into
“ opinion, Mr. W. here presents his duty to the
“ public at large, and respectfully desires to inform them of the true motives for such particular announcement; he has lately suffered a
“ long and painful confinement from illness, and
“ is from lack of strength and youth, (two necessary as well as enviable qualities) rendered incapable of attempting many of his principal
“ forcible characters, and indeed most of his
“ performances have been so hackneyed by
“ perpetual repetition from November, 1765,
“ this being his 28th season here, that he is

"rather apprehensive, the Merchant of Venice
 "would have been better, as to attraction, at
 "a more distant period; but as life is preca-
 "rious, and it is more than probable and pos-
 "sible that he may not be able to perform so
 "fatiguing a character as Shylock two or three
 "years hence, for want of nerve, action, or me-
 "mory, and as such a representation would be
 "as painful for his friends and the audience to
 "perceive and feel, as well as himself, he will
 "therefore, to the best of his abilities, take his
 "leave of Shylock on the Hull stage, on Friday,
 "December 7, when he hopes he shall be honour-
 "ed with the usual lenity and support of the au-
 "dience, that he has for so many years been re-
 "peatedly favoured with.

"THEATRE-ROYAL, HULL,

"Nov. 22, 1792."

"The Merchant of Venice" was honoured
 with a very full and genteel audience. The new
 comedy of "The Fugitive" had been acted the
 last night at Doncaster, October 30, and was pro-
 duced at Hull on Wednesday, December 12.
 The papers had been so universally lavish in its
 praise, that it by no means equalled the expecta-
 tion. The language is certainly natural and ele-
 gant, and in general is finished beyond the degree
 of most of our modern comedies; but the scenes
 of Mrs. Larron, and the 4th act scene between

Admiral Cleavland and Mr. Manly excepted, is certainly (though it here and there carries great point) flags in many places, is too long, and lacks fire and variety. It was decently and perfectly acted at Hull, but in London it was so aided by the combined assistance of all the first actors in that strong company of comedians at the Haymarket, 1792, that, had the play not been so good, it must have succeeded. Miss Pope was inimitable in Mrs. Larron—(not to mention Mr. King and Mr. Parsons; in short, every body*; as also Mr. Benson, who was excellent in the footman); but Mrs. Brown, at Hull, did not by any means comprehend or do justice to Mrs. Larron, which was a great let-down to the comedy; nor would she be persuaded to take pains or allow it to be a good part; indeed she was as sulky all through as she could be: And when I say as she could be, I say so because I do not know who can display that good quality more determinately than either Mr. or Mrs. Brown, when not in tune.

"The Road to Ruin" pleased much, as did "General Wolfe," "Wild Oats," and, in general, most of the pieces. The audience were in good humour, though now and then vexed at some of the performers being ill; and then the manager, though *he has to pay and be the real sufferer*, yet he was, and ever is, sure to be blamed.

* Mr. Wewitzer's excellence must not be forgotten in the Frenchman Mr. Larron.

On Tuesday, January 15, 1793, "Cato" was revived for my benefit, and I died as a Roman, for the good of my country. The entertainment was "Fortunatus," which had not been presented to the public for some years. The scenery was new, with great additions. The house was uncommonly crowded. But a good pantomime, experience has convinced me, will never answer in the country; for if really got up as a pantomime should be, it will never repay the expence; and a second full house is not to be expected if the first proves considerable, as the million may as easily be led to see a catchpenny Harlequin, as the best that can be produced: For the actor, on a benefit-night, promises too often *more than a conjuror*, and the million swallow and believe, but afterwards are exceedingly angry that they did not behold the wonders promised and expected. But alack-a-day! if the performer were to go to the expence of a good pantomime entertainment, his benefit would be a loss, not a gain, as Mr. Lever Darcy has fully proved on his benefit nights.

More cash was taken at the theatre the winter season at Hull, 1792-3, than any year: But the expences, to obtain the goodwill of the public, and to deserve their estimation, were enormous and inconceivable: Clothes and scenery are

two weighty ingredients, where the manager is profuse in those articles.

The season finished with a crowded theatre, on Tuesday, February 5, 1793, for Mr. Cherry's benefit.

I must, from my fatality of blundering, detain my fellow-traveller some time on the road; and before I open the York season, 1793, I will endeavour to rectify an omission in my account of the year 1792, wherein I mentioned the getting up "*General Wolfe*" for my night at York; the which I have neglected, as I accidentally recollect that I have given an account of "*Patrick in Prussia*" on its first representation in 1786*, its ill reception, the severe reprimand I sustained from a York critic, my seeing that farce in *London*, its great commendations†, &c. and my hinting, "*thereby hangs a tale*," which tale my memory does not tell me is printed, if it is (and very probably it is) and out of place, it is so like my irregular self I can only ask pardon; but if not, it becomes really necessary to beg the favour to recollect how ill poor Patrick was received at York, never to be repeated; and his ill fame there, occasioned the same contempt to attend his steps wherever he went, and even the approbation of London, Liverpool, &c. would not avail as any

* Wandering Patentee, vol. II. page 249.

† Ibid. vol. III. pages 35 and 36.

support to his credit in Yorkshire. When the thought occurred to me of presenting the public with "General Wolfe," I determined nothing should be wanting to make that spectacle worthy good greeting and reward; but as I have one good grace to boast of as manager, that of not permitting those truly disgraceful things termed *interludes*, I judged "General Wolfe" (done as such in London) would only form one act, and thereby my friends would have too little, not enough for their money; it immediately occurred to me, that "Patrick in Prussia," by conveying him from Ireland, on board a ship to Quebec, to fight under our brave Gen. Wolfe, and Father Luke to follow, would form an excellent first act, could be easily connected, and would make a complete entertainment. I tried the effect,—entitled the piece "Darby in America," with "the Death of General Wolfe:" The success was astonishing; and, with a few exceptions only, such as "The Poor Soldier," "The Farmer," &c. I do not remember any piece being acted with more hearty applause than Darby, when in America instead of Prussia. It was excellently performed: Mr. Cherry was uncommonly happy in *poor Darby*, whom he restored to life on the York stage. Mr. Penfon and Miss Reynolds had an equal right to praise in *Father Luke* and the *Fruit-girl*.

It is certain that the neglect and departure on its first night's representation, 1786, had left so little impression on the memory, that I verily believe, by the turn of approbation it was favoured with, it did not occur to any single auditor as the same representation six years prior to that of 1792. It did more than please me by the applause; for it not only then, but ever since has been well received, and brought a great deal of money, which is the test that pleases me best. Indeed, were I to enumerate the number of nights since its first representation (*Drury-Lane a-la-mode*) for my circuit, the number would appear very creditable, though at present Darby is on his last legs: A strong proof, however, that audiences sometimes condemn too hastily, and do not always know their own minds.

I must here observe, that interludes, at best, have certain ill consequences, as the theatre is thereby kept open too late at night, which is not only unhealthy, but is unavoidably productive of numerous inconveniences. Where I have mentioned just now *Drury-Lane a-la-mode*, it is hinting at the new-fangled manner of advertising "The Jew," "Lodoiska," &c. at the New Drury-Lane at the time I am scribbling these lines, October 1794. Now I should like, for the sake of curiosity, when "The Beggar's Opera" is acted again at either or both the theatres, to see at the

top of the bill what number of nights Mr. Gay's said fatirical and witty production has been acted; I believe it would on scrutiny be proved to have been performed more frequently than any piece whatever from the days of Shakespear.

In making the observation, I do not mean to censure, and for this reason, I am sure Mr. Kemble is not only a more nice and a more accurate judge than I am, and would not do it, I am well convinced, without first consulting his good understanding that it was right; but custom will have its prejudices: And I confess at reading the bills in September, it seemed strange to observe the 20th or 16th night of a piece, the first week in the season, though I am convinced it means merely the number of nights from the piece's being first produced; for which reason I wish the books were searched from the time of Lincoln's-Inn Fields theatre, where it was first produced, also of both the theatres to the present date 1794, to have the exact account, (I do not mean receipts) to satisfy myself whether I am right or wrong as to its bearing the bell over every other play; and I am inclined to believe, on a wager, I should not be the loser.

We all came as usual to the city of York and opened the theatre there on Thursday, February 7, 1793, but cannot boast of a crowded house that night, nor for many to come. The theatre

was very smart that year 1793, and is, I hope, still more worthy attention. My dear Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of "Every One has his Fault" was performed, and for her credit, (and my own) better than any play that year, and was acted repeatedly at York and every other town, with not only approbation but universal applause, and to full houses.

The assizes 1793, were supported by H. R. Beaumont, Esq. as the High Sheriff, and more than usually productive, which made some amends for the toil and trouble of the season. The company continuing much the same, except the unexpected and pleasing novelty of Mrs. Mountain for a few nights; but an unlucky trip it proved for her at that time, as on Sunday, May 12, previous to her benefit on Tuesday the 14th, she had a dangerous fall from a horse and broke her arm, which of course hurt her receipt at the theatre, and was an injury to her health, pocket, and fame.

We closed on Wednesday, May 18, with a "Benefit for the widows and children of seamen and soldiers who may be killed in his Majesty's service during the present war," but the full receipt did not exceed 27l. 17s. 6d.!

We entrenched ourselves, and opened our batteries on the town of Leeds, May the 20th, and with tolerable success; indeed so much so, that every nightly appearance for about four weeks

seemed to augur success,—but, like other campaigns, though we truly endeavoured to deserve, we could not command; the effects of the war too visibly hurt the pockets of the lower and middling class, who when in good humour bestow their mite some times with more cheerfulness than those of higher degree. The consequence was, like that of a camp disease, we sickened, pined, did not die it is true, but hung our heads, and looked as grim and eager for better days as Shakespear's blacksmith with his hammer lifted up, and swallowing a tailor's news: but we, however, persevered, toiled, and growled, wishing for sunshine, till July 31, when receiving a good cheer, and the friendly wishes of the public for Mr. Cummins's benefit, we took a few breezes of country air at Pontefract, which did more prejudice than service, for it sharpened all our stomachs, but I could not compass the cash to afford the goings out, so as to allow the appetite good comings in: Indeed I can truly say I was considerably a loser, but being summoned by the papers with the agreeable intelligence of York races, without bidding, I was ready with all my forces to attend the tournaments on Knave's-mire (the race-ground); and our royal theatre that race-week, Monday August 19, 1793, was successful without the aid of auxiliaries or paying subsidies for the assistance of his Majesty's

royal London guards of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden. By the help of much novelty of new pieces, and the company being true and steady, without any material change for two years, we marched on with success and made at last an agreeable retreat, without being harassed.

I have seldom known the theatre better supported: Earl Fitzwilliam honoured me with his patronage on the Thursday in that week, August 22.

"The Prisoner," with new scenery, "The Prize," "How to Grow Rich," &c. were all produced for the first time that race-week; and on the Monday, August 26, we finished till the winter, and honourably proceeded to Leeds, though I hoisted up *False Colours* for the first time that Monday at York, and not without a *Prize*, as the farce so called was acted, for the second time, on that evening.

I cannot say that I was suffered to repose that successful week at York; as I met with several remonstrances from those who termed themselves my best wishers, and others from natural inveteracy: for there are many who attend the theatre in and out of London who cannot be so truly vexed as to be really pleased, it is a delicious pleasure which they seldom allow themselves, and is brought on them so perforce, that I envy the gorgeous meal when they do allow themselves to

relish good nature ; like a miser's feast, it comes but as a wonder, and the variety must for one hour in the year be an uncommon luxury. But the misdemeanor was from a few (*very few*) York people, who grumbled at the price of four shillings to the boxes without London performers. But the York audience, taken in a general view, (with very few exceptions) do not visit the theatre twice that week ; so the tax per head was certainly trifling, and fell chiefly on the strangers, and was no more than has been for some years, and is now only four shillings, and when Mrs. Siddons played the boxes were five shillings, also the year when Miss Farren acted, when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honoured York in August 1789. And the York auditors should observe that the inhabitants are not very tender as to their own charges for lodgings in a race and an assize week, for which at other times they will be glad to let their tenements at very reasonable rates indeed : and I heartily wish for their sakes they were always disposed to advantage every part of the year. But it should be considered, that if *not* London performers the race-week 1793, the new pieces cost me a considerable sum, and also feel for me as manager, that the public weeks are those only by which I can extricate myself with credit and honesty for the honour of the public and myself. At London,

the prices at both the winter theatres are fix shillings to the boxes ; at Bath, under Mr. Palmer's management, five shillings ; now at Bath, Bristol, Liverpool, and even little Windfor, the common prices are, boxes four shillings. Besides, at York, my winter tradesmen's bills are dependent for payments arising from the profits of the assizes and races yearly at that city. And London performers of high distinguished merit are not to be commanded or had by supplication or application at York, unless leisure and opportunity serves for the frolic of a few nights, and their expectations and demands too often make it impossible to comply if they are disengaged.

It is, I do aver as a fact, that many of the first respectable gentlemen have urged me repeatedly not to take half-price in the public weeks, as the dining late on such occasions makes it very disagreeable after the third act : The alteration would be more agreeable, as being less inconvenient, and all the best seats not occupied, because they are not at the theatre before the third act. Of that matter I leave the public to judge, and as I observed, could only with propriety be done by an open request from the gentlemen at large, and then could not be adopted as my own self-avaricious opinion.

These little extracts of history are entertaining, and may be useful to a York manager and

a theatrical auditor some few years hence, when of course new modes and fashions will be adopted on and off the stage; and by comparison the *then* examiner will be able to judge how the theatrical market has improved or fallen off, how better conducted, exalted, or depressed, or exclaim at the falling off; which I pray may not be the case for the sake of public taste and the preservation of my family.

We halted for three play nights, August 28, 30, and September 2, at Leeds on our way as we proceeded to Wakefield, the receipts but indifferent, but as the times were not then very flourishing at that truly respectable commercial town, I had no reason to complain. I was well received and honoured with applause there in Wolfey and particularly so in Shylock.

We opened at Wakefield, Wednesday September 4, 1793, once more with a benefit for Mr. Linnecar; a genteel audience, but not by any means so numerous as the two preceding ones, 1791 and 1792. The week following was the race-week, when my good friends and patrons, the followers of my tabernacle, set off with their usual velocity *every night*. William Sotheron and Thomas Beaumont, Esqrs. were Stewards, and the ball might be truly said to have been kept up without one miss of the theatrical battledore,

from the drawing up to the letting down of the curtain.

I dread arriving at the year 1794, to mention the death of the race-horses, I mean dead to me not their owners; for at Wakefield it is announced the year I am speaking of, that the race-ground is to be employed for uses of more utility to individuals; whether for the good of charity and *pro bono publico*, I will not pretend to sing, say, or prophecy; but the curtailment of that said allotment of ground resembles and makes me feel the force of the great truth in Shylock's imaginary remark, "You take my life when you take my means to live." But the subject is melancholy, dull, and neither improving nor entertaining; and it is weak in the extreme to suffer our minds to be fatigued with fancied ills: for though the danger may not be out of sight, there is no reason man or woman should cry out before hurt, unless by such artifice and policy the danger could be to a certainty averted. So adieu to that pleasant season at Wakefield, September 23, 1793, and fly on to Doncaster (for there is not time for resting) on Tuesday September 24, where as usual there was an elegant and numerous resort of fashion and company. C. Wilson, Esq. was Steward; I say Steward, for if I recollect right, the other appointed gentleman we had not the

Honour of seeing from indisposition, which was a loss to me and his truly respectable friends.

Doncaster season, after the races, did not flourish, but hobbled through, and that, like a gouty man, is doing tolerably well as can be expected, if he recollects "It is well it's no worse," and that he is able to get on without confinement.

During the melancholy season, I got up, in a slight manner, "The Surrender of Valenciennes;" for my towns are soon satisfied, and to their credit, a good sterling farce serves me six times to one to the best pantomime I can give at any expence. I should not have troubled my fellow traveller with mentioning so trifling a circumstance, but that it leads on to Hull, 1793-4.

At Doncaster, 1793, I received a paltry anonymous letter (which is never friendly) which I intended here to have published but it is mislaid, and as well where it is, for it was truly contemptible: it consisted of a lady's being in a violent rage on seeing the performance of Valenciennes:—O no, here it is! I have this moment stumbled on it, and it is rather necessary as it leads to something of the kind more pointed in 1794, and I believe I guess *that* author.

"TO MR WILKINSON

" COMEDYEAN DONCASTER

" SIR

"Hearing a great deal of Prais of the taking
 "Valenciennes I went to see it Last Night it
 "put me in mind of the fable of the Statuea of
 "a Man with a Lion under his feet I think if one
 "had been preasent at the ingagment our Brave
 "Gallent Neighbours wod not have been the
 "Pittifull beings they was represented Last Night
 "Sir yours a seamale friend to the french

" Doncaster No 1 1793

" Anymonous"

We concluded on Saturday, November 2, with
 "The Force of Love," on which we dropped the
 curtain, (but *not* of gauze) and set off in gloomy
 November for Hull, where I am sorry to relate
 the visages of many said their pockets were de-
 ranged, and their persons walked a gloomy reel.
 It is most certain the receipts were very bad; and
 it is not stretching upon truth or probability, that
 when war touches the pockets of a commercial
 town, the inhabitants sooner feel their ardour
 checked for diversions than more thoughtless
 people; and indeed it is not to be wondered at,
 and is readily and as easily accounted for: The
 man of independent fortune, when he pays his
 taxes or subscribes, then he hopes and thinks there
 is an end of the matter; if he makes no kind of

retrenchment he does not feel it materially, and if his prudence and rigid œconomy, without meanness, makes him give a pull up to his career, he may be a gainer in the year. Now it is not so in trade; for though, God be thanked, we have many Noble British merchants, yet it is the numerous set of adventurers in trade, who honourably wish to get forward in life, that must employ the numerous industrious bees, that so hardly toil to provide honey, &c. for the consumers. Now, where half a fortune is dependent, perhaps on one or two ships, notwithstanding insurance and every prudent precaution, yet so material a loss to a few individuals, not only throws a damp on their own spirits, families, and relatives, but spreads like a bad atmosphere and unhinges the whole: For in such cases the rich feel the direful effects of the influenza, and it fashionably goes all around till every house has the hippish visitant, and is, I believe, the natural inhabitant of the English in general, but not so with the happy Frenchman or Frenchwoman; for gaiety they either affect, or have it naturally as a constant companion; and if the town is taken to-day, yet if after dinner eighteen-pence can be mustered, why the play and the dance is as necessary as their supper, and all cares are forgotten. I fear I cannot say so for all the emigrants when a town has been taken, for surely they neither thought of

play or dance, or even supper,—a crust and water, with a whole skin has been a luxury they dared, not aspire to. I mean not to touch on what is out of my province, politics; but pity suddenly made the idea rush on my mind, and I set it down, hoping and praying, when this is published, that peace, order, and good will may be flourishing on the face of the earth, to the end not only of all our lives, but that of the world.

In consequence however of the effects of war, though, thank God, distant from home, yet I could not get the Hull season to smile, until Mr. John Kemble's assistance came powerfully to my aid, December 10. Nor would that lucky event have taken place but from the great delay in the New Drury-Lane theatre not opening as was expected, which gave Mr. Kemble, Mr. King, Mr. Kelly, Mrs. Crouch, and others an opportunity of *levying* contributions on his Majesty's lawful subjects in Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. John Kemble had to aid his power over the Hull audience, not only his majesterial authority as director of Drury-Lane, but had not visited that good town from the year 1780, the time he was *seduced* by Mr. Hitchcock to Ireland, where he took root, and was transplanted to London; I hope long to flourish before the cruel deathlike spider comes and seizes him as its prey. I particularly wish him all good things, because he was

taken truly as a choice root from my botanical garden.

Mr. Kemble, on December 10, 11, 13, 17, 18, and 20, 1793, acted Octavian, Othello, Hamlet, Henry V. Octavian repeated, and closed with Richard. He performed each night to a genteel audience, and in general to crowded houses, which made us look in good humour. Mr. Kemble was not, I am certain, more satisfied than myself, if he was I am still better pleased; for certainly nothing in life can be more highly gratifying than when two parties, high or low in life, are contented and convinced of mutual good will; it, I may say, almost doubles the advantage.

I cannot omit mentioning that the farce on Mr. Kemble's night, was "The Children in the Wood," as it gave an opportunity to introduce a young boy of Mr. and Mrs. Brown's, a child of six years old, who, in point of action, meaning, spirit, and nature, was, I think, at least equal to the best juvenile performance I ever saw.

I have forgot in the seasons of Doncaster and Hull, 1793, to have related the following incidents, but as the one partly concerns the other, I will, like the cart before the horse, relate at the last what should have been first; which is, that before our departure from Doncaster, 1793, a gentleman of fortune, and of strong abilities, undertook to alter "Moses in the Bullrushes" and

“Daniel in the Lions’ Den,”* and in so perfect a manner, for the stage as to please the most devout ear, and indeed impossible to offend the most rigid, as improper for the stage.

When I proposed acting those pieces at Doncaster, I wrote word as to the night, and received the following opinion from the gentleman who favoured me with the alterations.

To TATE WILKINSON, Esq.

“SIR,

WISETON, *August 26, 1793.*

“Both myself and family, I imagine, will be
“at a distance from this neighbourhood at the
“time of Doncaster races.

“I fear neither the time nor place will be
“friendly to the exhibition you propose; indeed
“on a general reference to the fashionable pursuits
“prevailing at present, there seems good
“reason to conclude, that sacred dramas are
“only likely to succeed when profane ones are
“not to be had.

“However, you have my sincere wishes for the
“prosperity of your theatre.

“I am, Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“J. A—M.

“There would have been a large party of our
“relations at Doncaster races, which is prevented
“by the death of one of them.”

* Pieces wrote by Miss HANNAH MORE.

The following opinion of those pieces had also the approbation of two gentlemen-preachers at Leeds, whose time is never occupied in the theatre, or on such subjects; but the performing such dramas did not strike their minds with the impiety of such a horrid exhibition, but the contrary, as can be proved by the following short extract from an epistle more extensive. But good manners in respect to myself, does not entitle me to print more from the letter, dictated by almost strangers, and would be a breach of that delicacy I think necessary to preserve, though self-approbation would be tickled and pleased with the publication of the whole of their complimentary opinions.

“TATE WILKINSON, Esq.

“DIRECTOR OF THE THEATRE, PONTEFRACT.

“DEAR SIR,

“We cannot find words to express sufficient
“gratitude for your very kind and generous offer
“towards the assistance of erecting the intended
“New Zion Chapel in this town, particularly
“when we reflect on our not having had the
“pleasure of your acquaintance, which we should
“ever esteem an honour to enjoy.

“You can only be rewarded by the Creator of
“the Universe, whose propitious eye is ever ob-
“servant of every good action we are engaged

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“ in this life, and who always considers the good
 “ done to his *cause* and *interest* as done to himself.

“ Presenting our unlimited respects, with the
 “ warmest gratitude for your favours, permit us
 “ the honour, dear Sir, to subscribe ourselves

“ Your very humble and

“ Obedient servants,

“ J. P***E and M. W***H.

“ LEEDS, August 16, 1793.”

“ P. S. We shall esteem the favour of your
 “ company an honour done us, when Providence
 “ brings you again to Leeds.”

It is here necessary to observe, that those pieces
 were acted at Doncaster to a genteel audience, on
 Saturday, October 12, 1793, with credit and ap-
 plause; and Mr. Cummins never appeared per-
 sonally to more advantage in any character what-
 ever than in that of Daniel.

To prove contradictory judgments, the follow-
 ing extract appeared in the print of “The World,”
 dated October 11, 1793:

“ At Doncaster, Miss More’s Sacred Dramas
 “ are about to supercede Shakespear and Morton,
 “ or your Hamlets, Romeos, and Columbuses;
 “ with all their rant and rappum to boot. This
 “ pious purpose is recommended by a clergyman.
 “ Moses in the Bulrushes and Daniel in the Den
 “ are the first subjects, connected with the opera

"of Rosina; which, it is allowed, by no means
"degrades what it accompanies, since the book
"of Ruth furnished the subject. So much for
"apposite morality and *orthodox* recommenda-
"tion."

The writer of the above was entirely wrong as to the *orthodox* recommendation, as the alterations were by an independent gentleman of considerable property, in the neighbourhood of Doncaster.

My paragraph at Hull ran thus——

"The Rev. Mr. Milner, of Hull, having some
"years since recommended the play of St. Ignatius, Mr. Wilkinson, with infinite labour, made
"that performance fit for stage-representation,
"and had it acted at the Theatre-Royal, Hull,
"on December 29, 1781, when it was well received by a genteel audience. Since that time
"Miss Hannah More, a lady of established reputation, and author of Percy and other dramatic
"pieces, has lately favoured the admirers of literature with a publication of Sacred Dramas.
"The perusal gave Mr. Wilkinson such satisfaction, that he immediately determined on preparing and altering Daniel in the Lions' Den, and Moses in the Bulrushes for a stage performance, but was luckily prevented from that task
"by a gentleman of distinguished fortune, character, and taste, resident in this county.—In

“that altered state, Mr. Wilkinfon has put them
“into preparation at the theatre, and on Wednes-
“day, November 20, will respectfully present
“those elegant written pieces to the judgment of
“the public; hoping the novelty, added to the
“intrinsic merit of the writer, will give pleasure
“and fatisfaction to the audience, AND BE A
“TREAT TO THOSE WHO DO NOT CONSTANTLY
“FREQUENT THE PLAYHOUSE.”

The consequence was not the lamb, but the wolf shewing his head with devouring bear-like teeth; and it is truly ridiculous, and excites my laughter at this moment, to evidently prove, that the dramatic writers, as well as divines, were equally afraid of too much morality on the stage infringing the RITES of the one, or the other so opposite. Not but the old and present times have often proved a strange coalition of different sects, like parties, which may join harmoniously, for convenient purposes, as close as wax, and then again like wax dissolve when their different intentions are answered. For soon after opening the Hull theatre, in November, 1793, I proposed by advertisement to have acted Miss Hannah More's Dramas, when, as if I had been wishing daringly to joke with sacred religion, I was barked at and torn to pieces by almost every preacher of church and sect at Hull.

I am afraid of my fellow traveller (or reader) being tired of such company, but this was so very extraordinary an intended havock it must not be omitted but related, and all in fact, not as being afraid of immorality, but jealous because they were suspicious of my infringement on morality, wishing it to appear they had it *all to themselves*; also secretly judging, (as Shakspeare says,) that they could lead their congregations at Hull as easily by the nose as asses are led. I speak this as my supposed opinion, or they would not have dared at so libellous, so dishonest, so unmanly, so very illiberal an attack, for such it certainly was; it might be really termed a convention of enemies against my profit and repose, like the witches in Macbeth, invoking mischief,

“Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,

“Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.”

In short I was assailed on all sides by

“Black spirits and white,

“Red spirits and grey;”

as the church, the tabernacle, and even a dissenting preacher, was inflamed and lighted his torch of fury and discord to destroy my temple, though supported by my king, and sanctioned by the most established law. The line that alarmed them was inviting such *as did not frequently at-*

tend the theatre, (as in paragraph)—and as the pieces were strictly moral, and Daniel allowed as fabulous, and uniformly adapted to the stage, it could not be vice garbed in false clothing: No the representation would have proved the contrary, as plain as these lines from a play, and would be an excellent text for a sermon:

- “ Pleasure has charms, but so has virtue too :
- “ One skims the surface, like the swallow’s wing,
- “ And scuds away unnotic’d. T’other nymph,
- “ Like spotless swans, in solemn majesty,
- “ Breasts the full surge, and leaves long light behind.”

It has been allowed even by the Rev. Mr. Milner that there are to be found in Ignatius and some dramatic pieces, noble and excellent sentiments: Then why not to be acted in a play-house? If it be really innocent to write or read a dramatic work, wherein can the crime consist of seeing it acted on the stage? Perhaps if the merits and demerits were to be strictly and impartially examined as to those who bawl, cant, preach, and hypocritically condemn the theatre, the best part of such defamers will be found to be either arrant ignorant bigots, armed with zeal only for the destruction of taste; or obscure malignants, determined on wilful misrepresentation.

If Mr. Dykes and Mr. Garwood have inveighed against the stage, yet truth will prevail, and

Shakespear and the stage will outlast the strongest brassy monuments, while the fame of such invidious enemies (like my unimportant self) shall melt and be forgotten like January's snow or Russian ice when it is thawed by the heat of the sun in the congenial warmth of May. The most prudent men are often guilty of the most capital errors, and the devoutest may slip from the paths; and through all degrees of human invention there runs a strain of imperfection. Why then the stage so virulently stigmatised?

Archdeacon Paley in his "View of the Evidences of Christianity" (speaking of the French nation) makes the following remark: "That amongst the awful lessons, which the crimes and the miseries that country afford to mankind, this is one, that, in order to be a persecutor, it is not necessary to be a bigot; that in rage and cruelty, in mischief and destruction, *fanaticism* itself can be outdone by *infidelity*." I may venture to affirm therefore from that learned divine, (whose judgment is in universal esteem) that he never did or will preach a sermon so void of charity, or so unlike a gentleman as those preached at Hull, November 1793.

Brutus, the virtuous, the moral Brutus, thought his time not misemployed in a journey from Rome to Naples, only to see an excellent troop of comedians; and was so pleased with their perform-

ance, he sent them to Rome, with letters of recommendation to Cicero, to take them under his patronage : This too was at a time when the city was under no small confusion from the murder of Cæsar ; yet, amidst the tumults of those times, and the hurry of his own affairs, he thought the having a good company of actors of too much consequence to the public to be neglected.

And in such estimation was Roscius the actor held by Cicero, that in pleading the cause of the poet Archias, he makes honourable mention of that player, and emphatically and affectionately says, “ Who of us was so brutish of temper, or “ hard of heart, as not to feel the tenderest emotions from the death of Roscius ? True—he “ died old ; but, methinks, for the excellence “ and beauty of his art, he merited to be exempt “ from death.”

In the days of Augustus, when dramatic entertainments were the common public diversions of the people through all the provinces of that spacious empire, had they been deemed immoral, could they have passed uncensured by all our apostles, who at that time went forth by Divine command to convert all nations ? No vice, no impiety escaped them ; not only crying sins provoked their censure, they even reprovèd the indecencies of dress, and indelicacies of behaviour.

In many places they must certainly have met with many theatres ; but we hear not of any one poet or actor who received any reprimand from them.

Or would St. Paul, one of the most learned of the apostles, have incorporated a noted saying of a heathen poet into the gospel, (however moral the expression might be) if plays had been deemed criminal, or had he thought such entertainments unworthy Christian auditors ?

A further instance of his respect for dramatic poets we find in the 28th verse of the 17th chapter of Acts: "In him we live, and move, and have our being, as certain of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring."

Again, in his 12th verse of the first chapter of his Epistle to Titus, he uses the words of Epimenides, the poet, when he says, "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, the Cretans are always liars."

Thus, while the Apostle speaks in the words of the poets, does he not vindicate the usefulness and innocence of the drama ?

To come nearer our own times.—Did not the truly pious and learned Archbishop Tillotson, speaking of plays, say,—"They might be so framed and governed by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructive and useful, to put some follies and vices out of

“countenance, which cannot perhaps be so decently reprov’d, nor so effectually expos’d and corrected, any other way.”

Nay, that inveterate enemy of the stage, Collier, allows, as an undeniable truth, “That the wit of man cannot invent any thing more conducive to virtue, and destructive of vice, than the drama.”

A learned divine justly observes :-

“A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
“And turn delight into a sacrifice.”

And why so virulent in the extreme against a play, when even the holy bible cannot be said to be all chastely correct; so far from it, that were a new edition propos’d, and the pruning knife of the priest (like that of the prompter) us’d with judgment and dexterity, it would be doing an universal good service. But envy, I fear, has more to do with such late doctrines, at Hull, than charity or good will. I should not trouble my reader with a repetition of sentiments, not only out of my way, but may incur anger and impatience from the reader, and others with wiser heads, but the bigots at Hull in November 1793, let absurdity carry their spleen to such a height, that if I were not to notice it, it would to a certainty make me appear pusillanimous, and the million would suppose the preachers edicts.

were authoris'd by scriptural authority, when it is truly their *own divine sentiments*, miscalled *faith*, I am certain not good works; and for the credit of such eloquence, as orators, I will quote a few instances of their own authorities against myself, though different opinions may argue that I might be more genteel and manly if by a smile and silence I had let their proceedings pass unnoticed. But I could not resist the impulse, and therefore proceed to inform my reader, that Mr. Dykes (a gentleman of allowed talents and understanding) on Sunday, November 24, not only condemned me and all the theatrical troops of every denomination in every town, county, and kingdom, beyond redemption, but forgot his situation so far on that day, as to enter into a critique on the School for Scandal, and particularly investigated the character of Joseph Surface, on which he was pointedly severe: Which evidently proved, that the reverend gentleman read wicked plays, though he did not go to see them. Mr. Dykes asserted that Joseph Surface was the hero of that comedy, and admired by all the personages of the play; which was of dangerous immoral tendency, as it served to make vice and hypocrisy appear amiable, and very improper to be represented. Now every person who has seen that production must recollect, that the said Joseph's character is strongly developed in the first act,

and perfectly depicted and understood by the audience, as intended by that excellent writer Mr. Sheridan, who means to expose in that drawing the double mixture of the love of detraction, aided by false appearances, between Joseph Surface, Mr. Snake, and Lady Sneerwell, and assisted by hypocrisy to cover villany and ingratitude; all these are so fully explained, that Mr. Sheridan's nice picturing, must set such base practices in the fullest view to the public, and though suffered to impose on the ideal characters of Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, Charles, and others, yet he, when detected, meets with that contempt and degradation he has justly incurred; and is meant as a lesson, not only as a character specious and dangerously designing, but wishing to undermine the happiness and content of others, whose principles were honourable, and the detection fit for the stage. The lesson was also meant as a hint to play writers, not to lard their comedy-conversations with too much cant of affected sentiment, leaving all humour and strong feature of the cheerful Thalia and Nature behind. For it surely is as necessary to be entertained and give the spirits a flip in a comedy, as it is likewise proper for ladies and gentlemen to forget the playhouse and be gracefully grave and attentive to Mr. Dykes as a preacher, whose merits as a declaimer I am informed are very extensive, persuasive, and plea-

sing, when on PROPER SUBJECTS for the church and scripture. But hypocrites in the church are more dangerous than any stage-drawn bad character on the stage, and (with few exceptions) they receive punishment at last on the stage.

Mr. Dykes censuring Mr. Sheridan as an author, is of as little moment to that gentleman as when the magpye turned a certain part against the thunder. I have been assured, with the violent epithets delivered at the new chapel at Hull, that said 24th November 1793, our constant friend Mr. Garwood tickled all the players up with a severe rod on that same Sunday, and with a good switching sent us all men, women, and children, to take a peep below stairs, with as much alacrity as the French about the same time judged and prejudged hundreds of culprits (as is related) without loss of time or hinderance of business, and with their favourite guillotine settled the condemned unfortunates with all neat alacrity and well-finished *coup de grace*.

There is only one line of Mr. Garwood's sermon that pleased me, and that was where he honoured me with the title of being the *Arch Devil* and the *Great Seducer*: It certainly was the highest compliment he could have paid me; so said many; Indeed I have held myself as a greater personage ever since that conferred high and pompous title, and so light and natural is vanity, it has actually

tickled my fancy from that day to the present hour.

Such a ring of changes at the different places of public worship, at that juncture, more than any other, proves indubitably that fanatic policy was greatly alarmed and panic struck, fearing *Moses* and the submissive suffering *Daniel* would gain converts from their chapels by visiting the *devil's* house! Nay they were so greedy, that they grudged even the poor innocent *Rosina* the gleanings. They requested all persons whatever not to enter the playhouse, as those who did would thereby be in as certain a state of damnation as all the professors of the stage undoubtedly were. Our great master Jesus Christ ever abounded with benevolence, gentleness, and meekness without fury, with the rays of the great Almighty God dispensing his divine light on all around; he descended even to make children happy, and liked to have plenty for his guests, as is proved by the abundance of fragments which filled the empty baskets. That he approved of mirth, cheerfulness, and conviviality, when at a feast is clear, for when at the christening where (we all understand) that great and Divine Being was present, he preferred wine to water, and judged it necessary in moderation, when he changed that pure element to the juice of the grape. Plays at that time were in their full vigour as to ostentation,

and every expence and magnificence were then lavished on their theatres at Rome, Athens, and other cities: And surely had the Lord Jesus looked on them as bad examples, he would have pointedly, and in the most direct terms, have expressed his disapprobation.

There are, without doubt, unprincipled *priests* as well as players in every country: for instance, the bad life of a number of the clergy in France, I fear helped to bring a heavy stigma on the whole body; in consequence I suggest that many a holy upright man (and men) have been sunk into imprisonment, poverty, and an ignominious death; yet the populace approved, because they are of so fluctuating a disposition that a few years ago they would have kissed the rod they dreaded; but that power of priesthood taken off, their principles changed, and they smiled at the sufferings of those who had not long before been great, good, and powerful. The scene was changed, they were altered quite; and the million smiled and rejoiced like those of savage race, when they beheld the men of God submitting to the dreadful and uplifted ax.

In our own country it is not difficult to enumerate or point out instances of improper characters as ministers of the gospel, and that of men possessed of great ability. The late Mr. Churchill's genius and comprehension was beyond compare,

and as far as the force of human understanding can be praise-worthy, he now must be held in public estimation as an honour to his country and mankind; but as a religious pious pastor, it is to be lamented that his way of life was so perpetually dissipated, that in that character he was a disgrace to his sacred order. Had fate allotted him to any other situation in life, his follies would not have been so conspicuous, as his generosity and great good humour went hand in hand with his sterling wit and amazing capability. He fell a victim to his folly in the prime of life.

Mr. Horne Tooke, I have ever been led to believe, is a man of great sensibility and understanding, but as a clergyman it certainly reads strange for a witness, as on the late trial of Mr. Hardy at the Old Bailey for high treason, to say that at such a meeting Mr. Tooke desired them to observe that, at that time, he was not *inebriated*, but in his perfect senses.

Now as to the gentlemen who handled me so severely at Hull, Nov. 1793, I have a most respectable opinion of their good characters as private men, and wish for their own sakes they possessed understanding equally with those powerful geniuses I have just mentioned; as, were that the case, their ideas would be more enlightened by the aid of liberal sentiments, and they would become less severe and more lenient. But as they have

lowered themselves by an open and unprovoked attack on my lawful livelihood, they sunk their height to my level; and I do not think any one of my opponents are blessed, beyond my dear self, with a grace, an air, and a mien superior to my own *propria persona*.

As a lesson from their superiors I request, if they will not lose their time on this prophane work, they may be informed I was honoured with the following from the most leading character of the church, resident at York, and take a hint from such a revered character, whom with myself they must *submissively* allow to be the truly religious and good. Why do not you, gentlemen, preach like that *pious, worthy, and respectable gentleman*, to whose family I am particularly indebted and obliged for their patronage to the theatre : So *Mr. Garwood* observe—

“ SIR,

OCT. 24, 1771.

“ I received your letter, and you may depend on my exerting myself to the utmost of my power.

“ The expence which you have been at to obtain a patent for a theatre at York, and your endeavours to entertain the company there in an *elegant* as well as a *legal* manner, entitle you to their encouragement, and ought to put a stop to every illegal *low* method of encouraging the

"dissipation of the place, which you may be assured, shall meet with no protection from.

"Sir, your humble servant,

J. F*****E."

I am likewise much indebted for the honour of frequent encouragement and approbation from the Archbishop of York's family, for their protection and support of the theatre; which inclines me to hint, that such new modern pulpit entertainments might be termed a libel on the said high personage, their master and director, equally with the dependent Wandering Patentee.

I am here astonished at my own want of gratitude and memory, that should not have had firmly stamped on my mind not before to have recollected an instance of the greatest honour to the drama, and also a gentleman in the highest department to be ranked as a poet, who is, in that art, of a polished and very expansive understanding, one of the greatest ornaments of which the extensive domains of Yorkshire can pride itself, and which indeed the whole nation does most readily admit with self-love and importance; the name is almost unnecessary, as that of MASON, who not having any competitor as a writer, must be readily acknowledged by all who profess any attachment to letters. Now, *Mr. Milner*, that said Rev. Mr. Mason added to his incomparable

writings, has dignified, not disgraced, his works, by writing two plays; and that said gentleman not only has altered and adapted those pieces for the stage, but actually attended personally on a profane stage to see his own offspring properly taken care of,—I mean the tragedy of “Carac-tacus,” and the dramatic poem of “Elfrida,” both acted at Covent-Garden theatre. And though in his moral character for true piety he can only be equalled, but never exceeded,—yet as one good man (free from bigotry) can never dislike another, Mr. Mason is not ashamed to know Mr. Hull (the actor) as an acquaintance; and as he does not do any thing to be ashamed of, I trust he cannot be angry when I declare (and thank him) that I have often seen him in the boxes at York theatre, and hope for that honour and gratification again and again, and shall be additionally pleased if I see Mr. Milner, Mr. Dykes, Mr. Lambert, and the charitable Mr. Garwood, in the next box.

How far right or how far wrong I may be, as to impartial thinking, is not for me to determine, but left to an abler head. Aristocrat or Democrat will ever argue like my opponents; I will be right and ask and answer the question where they are self-secure from being defeated by an answer. But I think they will not allow but that the *arch-deceiver* can quote scripture for his purpose; and

I believe the said *deceiver* a friend and foe to both parties.

Of enthusiasts I beg leave to insert the Lord President's opinion, as given by his Lordship at the late trial of Mr. Hardy, at the Old Bailey, when he observed, "That it had certainly been proved, by a
 "crowd of witnesses, that the prisoner was a moral, religious, and good man, and that his private
 "character was excellent and amiable; but it was
 "likewise evident that he was an *enthusiast*. Such
 "was the case with the enthusiasts of the last
 "century, who were mentioned on the preceding day by the Solicitor General. Those
 "monarchy men, as they were called, might have
 "been moral and religious men, but they were
 "likewise enthusiasts, and their religion might
 "have led them to acts of high treason. The
 "enthusiasm of the prisoner might have got the
 "better of his judgment, and have had the same
 "tendency."

The gross epithets those gentlemen larded their congregations with so freely need not be pointed out. If a player were to drop down dead, why more extraordinary than the sudden unexpected death of the most upright? Yet that death would be a subject for fanatic preachers to prove to their credulous hearers, that it was the hand of the Almighty, and deservedly provoked vengeance for his wicked courses, because he was a *player*.

For such enthusiastic inspired holy ones are wonderfully, familiarly, and intimately acquainted with all God Almighty's intentions.

When I read of a respectable dissenting minister's sudden death in his pulpit, 'in the paper of The Oracle of Wednesday December 25, 1793, I truly lamented the loss of so good a man, not only for his sake, but that of mankind: The like awful stroke attended the Rev. Mr. Fairfax.— Two or three sudden melancholy strokes of that kind have occurred since that time, and particularly to the good servants of God; but how truly wicked should I feel myself, to say he or they had incurred Heaven's wrath, because they did not go to plays, or for any other cause whatever. No! I doubt not but those worthy men, so suddenly called to their accounts are happy in the world to come. I shudder at such *impiety*, for certainly such preaching deserves no better name, where *damnation* is the favourite word.

My father was esteemed a preacher of the first reputation in London, as many can now attest; but his sermons, though in high esteem, consisted of reason, instruction, elegant manner, and not dressed up in horrors to affright his hearers' organs for their lost souls. Yet on the said 24th of November, from which memorable day I cannot yet let my account depart, however pulled by the sleeve by my fellow-traveller, as I must recollect

that a Mr. Lambert, a gentleman of the fairest character, whose discourses deservedly claim the attention of his very respectable congregation, over-stepped his usual bounds, and with inveterate insinuations denounced the theatre, (where such entertainments were permitted) not only as a place *unfit* for Christians, but productive of *divine strokes*, such as the plague and famine; and plainly told such facts, as proved he was better acquainted with the Almighty's intentions than his good hearers had any idea of: For be it observed, he had never talked in that extraordinary manner till that noted November 24, when the holy ministers seemed to have all caught the wrathful *influenza*. The truly respectable Mr. Lambert went so far out of his usual path of lenity, that he asserted plays were so truly offensive to the eye of God, that in the reign of Charles II. he related that at no period dissipation had reigned without a blush to the alarming open fashion of a disorderly lavish court, and *that* Mr. Lambert attributed, in a great measure, to the people's being so peculiarly attached in those golden days (so termed) to an incessant love and attachment to the play-house, which incurred deservedly God's vengeance in so particular a manner, to strike terror as an example to the wicked, that a dreadful, an awful visitation of the plague came on the people, when hundreds upon hun-

hundreds daily died as victims, to atone for their manifold sins, and is well known to have swept off unthinking thousands unprepared, with all their "Imperfections on their heads."

The said *Christian* also produced farther evidence of God's being offended with the encouragement given to theatres: *Philadelphia* in America, hitherto a flourishing city, until some of the ill-disposed children of the devil proposed the building a play-house, which was actually finished at a great expence in that populous town, for which sin, as an immediate mark of the Lord's displeasure, he caused a yellow fever or plague to overwhelm the inhabitants with immediate dissolution to eternity, and the survivors with sorrow, anguish, and the gnashing of teeth.

Now, kind reader, I think not much difficulty, study, or pains, is necessary to refute such bold, false, impudent, and ignorant assertions. Indeed such language would be a disgrace to a mad field-preacher; if so, how must it sound and appear, when a gentleman of supposed candour, learning, and understanding, lets his zeal so out-strip his reason as to deservedly lose all respect, and becomes a public railer, almost as absurd as if he were to descend from his inclosure, and desire to finish his lecture with a *hornpipe*. Mr. Lambert and the other gentlemen certainly over-leaped the pales of decency or good manners, so familiarly

to announce *God's* intentions, which they may judge and interpret wrong, but it is certain they cannot know, as there is no telegraphie that can give them such superior knowledge and insight.

Now, it is well known, and as readily admitted, that both the court and the theatre, in the pleasurable days of Charles II. had flown from the extreme rigidness of fanatic hypocrisy to that licentiousness and dissipation; and the palace, to use the words of Shakespear, appeared more *like a riotous inn, a tavern, a brothel*, than what it should have been, and *now* is, to the honour of our country, and I hope and pray may long continue so; and grant me permission to say that it was the court of Charles II. debauched the theatre, not the theatre the court,—for it was corrupted by men of the highest rank and of undoubted wit; yet those shining talents were all prostituted, as nothing could please that did not debase instead of raising the understanding to its proper sphere of elevation. The sceptre of England in the easy reign of Charles II. was swayed by wit and wantonness: The Duke of Buckingham revived and wrote loosely for the stage; Lord Rochester need not be mentioned as another; they were naturally great debauchees and rejoiced in thus disgracing the stage. Southerne wrote some comedies at that time, in which his jests, &c. were too broad; yet Southerne I have ever read of as a man of

a very different turn, yet he was forced to write for bread, and had he not written in that strain, he must have starved : yet he thought a very long life too short to repent of such a prostitution of genius, to which he was compelled by the depraved sense of his audiences.

But stop, stop a moment ! for I am quite out of breath, and have run away from the plague, at London and Philadelphia, (which is natural enough) I must therefore return to that subject, and repeat, that the plague is well known from record to have occurred as a severe scourge in Charles II.'s reign, no body can deny it. But, reader, observe, that the baneful and direful effects were mostly felt by the honest trudging city mechanics, and the daily labourers, and very little reached the disorderly persons of the court or playhouse, or those of the west-end of the town, where the streets were more airy, and not so dreadfully confined as in the city, and which contributed, in a great degree, to assist the plague in its ravages.

Also let me set down what every one is unfortunately acquainted with, which is, that Philadelphia laboured greatly under a pestilence and famine in 1793, which cannot be too much lamented ; but the Great Disposer of all events on earth is the only proper judge for why he caused so truly melancholy an event ; it is not for preach-

ers to point out reasons, for which they have none, but what on the 24th of November, 1793, were such as were dictated by spleen only.

That an elegant theatre was building at that time in Philadelphia, and finished in 1793, is certain, and I hope will prove an ornament and a grace to the inhabitants, and for what I know it might incur the Lord's displeasure; but I am rather inclined to hope and think the contrary; for my opinion on the matter is very opposite, and for the following reasons: The players were not marked as objects for God's vengeance in the reign of Charles II. as before instanced, and as to the malignant distemper that made such ravage at Philadelphia in 1793, it fell without distinction on the truly good Quakers (who never go to plays), and on worthy people of every description, without the least respect to sect or persons.

At the same time it must be admitted as an extraordinary act of the Almighty's goodness to the poor persecuted players, and they have the greatest reason to praise their God on high for his marked care and goodness in saving them from the jaws of death at Philadelphia; for at that very juncture the winds prevented their reaching Philadelphia, their then place of destination, and all in health they arrived at Anapolis or Baltimore, where they were fostered with the greatest care, which I have seen mentioned with the utmost

gratitude in several letters from America. As soon as the disorder had subsided in Philadelphia, the theatre being finished, a courier of invitation, was despatched which they accepted, leaving their friends with every mark of esteem, who assured them of every support whenever the comedians chose to visit them again.

When the theatre was opened in Philadelphia in the spring 1794, the success and approbation was such as made it universally known, the receipts being beyond any in this country, London excepted. Indeed the players' good fortune in America has been so repeatedly noticed in the public prints, it is not necessary for me to say any more, except to observe to Mr. Lambert, that I have not heard that the plague revisited the worthy inhabitants of Philadelphia when the players were actually in that town, though it unfortunately *did* when they were *not* in that place, and in many parts of the West Indies where not any theatres or actors whatever had growth or been transplanted.

New York in America has had a flourishing theatre for many years, yet never had the plague; and pray God in his mercies it never may.

If my reader accuses me of prolixity and being tedious, the theme, added to the great abuse poured on me by the preaching *lamps*, will I hope in some degree apologise, as they attack where

they know they cannot be answered, therefore an old adage says, "That horse who runs by himself is sure to win the race." I wish for peace in the calling I have a right by the laws of my country to exercise; and when not offending in my precinct, not to be virulently and openly attacked, in order to deprive me of my daily bread.—Let my superiors dictate, preach peace, and moral rectitude:—"Mind no man's private concerns."—Let them reform their hearers by persuasive heavenly eloquence, and gentle admonition; let them keep in their eyes and hearts the divine sentiments preached by the Saviour of Man upon the mount: "Speak truth from the pulpit and defy the devil."

And now in my appointed character by Mr. Garwood, I must ask him, by way of retort, if after this, and his combined unlawful, as well as ungentlemanlike abuse of me on Sunday, November 17, 1793, how would he as a man have felt, and the rest of his unchristianlike traducers, had I on Monday the 25th published by the common boys about the street the following true genuine extract.—No! my own pride prevented me, and I should have thereby brought myself on a level with those, whom two days before I had looked up to as undoubtedly good, but by betraying a littleness of mind, they very obligingly (as unintentionally) lowered themselves to

me,—equalization being a French fashion;—but as it has been often observed that the *cobbler* should not go beyond his last; and by way of a proper hint and warning for the future, beg Mr. Garwood will read, or condescend to have read to him, the following extract, which will I think convince not only him but others, he and they, as gentlemen, should ask my pardon for breaking the laws of justice, decorum, and the most respectable authority of the laws of this land. In the time of King James I. he and his Queen (as do our own King George III. and Queen, heaven be thanked) frequently visited the naughty theatre, when a Mr. Prynne with others in anger and with much puritanic zeal attacked the wicked stage, and in a heavy load of vindictive abuse, licentiously libelled all the encouragers of plays of what degree soever; let my agreeable Mr. Garwood *mark* the consequence, of a fair tit for tat!

Prynne's Sentence.

“ This Prynne, of the puritanical tribe, was a
 “ most virulent libeller of all who encouraged the
 “ theatre,—sparing no degrees of persons, from
 “ the crowned head to the lowest mechanic; his
 “ abuse had one good effect: It occasioned many
 “ excellent plays to be printed or revived, as the
 “ best answer to, and reproof of, his malevolence

“and scandal. But for this accident many good
“pieces had been lost in oblivion, which are now
“an ornament to the stage.

“His sentence was as follows:—His book was
“ordered to be burnt by the hands of the com-
“mon hangman:—He was ordered to be put
“from the Bar, (for an unworthy Barrister he was)
“and sentenced to be excluded the Society of
“Lincoln’s-Inn, to be degraded by the Univer-
“sity of Oxford, to stand in the pillory at West-
“minster-Hall and Cheapside, to lose an ear at
“each place,—to stand with a paper on his head,
“declaring his offence to be, the publishing an
“infamous libel against their majesties, the peers,
“the prelates, and the whole government, to
“be fined 500l. and to suffer perpetual imprison-
“ment.

“However flagitious his crime, his punishment
“was certainly heavy enough: but those were
“times when little lenity was used. What was
“the consequence? A few well-meaning patriots
“struggled for their natural rights and liberties;
“power grew jealous,—this created heats and
“animosities on both sides. Factious designing
“men took the advantage of those unhappy feuds,
“and introduced rebellion, anarchy, and confu-
“sion: May they never return: May strained
“power never more irritate a free people, to de-
“viate from liberty into licentiousness.”

I have had every cause for the foregoing retaliation: For the attack of so many formidable opponents, not only seriously injured the theatre, but the pulpit actors who had occasioned the mischief, one in particular, openly exulted and declared he knew many who had in consequence declined ever in future visiting the theatre again. But, fie upon that *naughty Kemble* to come led by the hand of Fashion,—he restored the theatre to its native hue of cheerfulness, and all went on with its wonted alacrity and good humour, and, like Penelope's web, the priest-weaving was undone; but I suppose another will be provided by such kind administrators to the mind and body, with a good rod in pickle to introduce as a new interlude, called "The Players' Jerking," to be pronounced with due solemnity by Mr. Garwood in November 1794, of which I shall remark, as I defer this publication some weeks for that sole purpose: I will in the meantime finish the combat to which I am very unequal, with the following opinion:

"A preacher's *ware* like china,
"Now cheap now dear is bought,
"When *found* 'tis worth a *guinea*,
"When *crack'd* not worth a *groat*."

As I must tell some insignificant story or another, like an Arabian Nights' Tale, to keep my

reader, if possible, awake, which I dare say is a very difficult task, another whimsical circumstance occurred in November 1793, and no more strange than true, my memory had let slip the circumstances until the printer had got too far; so I must still confine you, my fellow-traveller, to delay for a short space our journey to York, February 1794.

"In November 1793, at Hull, I produced "The Surrender of Valenciennes" in a kind of medley suited to the time, and as I judged it might serve a little additional purpose on a holiday night. For my own part I do not think it by any means was unentertaining, or on the other hand deserved anonymous criticism: And surely of all the ungenteel conduct any gentleman or lady can be guilty of, I think that of writing anonymous letters deserves most to be reprobated. It ever was and is my most unalterably fixed opinion. "For," as Lord Townly says, "I have ever thought that letters wrote by concealed friends are private enemies." However the following has so much merit, that I think it will entertain the reader, though at my expence, and I hope it will the facetious author himself if it falls or creeps into his critic inspection.

TO TATE WILKINSON.

“SIR,

“I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject, which, though it may appear trivial, is yet, I think, worthy of some attention.

“My reason for writing to you is to request that you will use such measures as may, in future, relieve the greater part of the audience at the Hull theatre from the disturbance which takes place on almost every evening of performance, owing to persons in the upper gallery calling for the *popular* tune of “God save the King.”

“I wish not to convey any idea in the least disloyal, and therefore only leave it to your own judgment to determine whether the constant repetition of the above song can fail of being very tedious to those who attend the theatre almost every evening, (not to mention the irksomeness of it to the performers) besides protracting the conclusion of the entertainment to a later hour than would otherwise be the case; both which inconveniences might easily be obviated by your exerting the authority which belongs to you, and peremptorily ordering the performers not to pay any attention to the unreasonable demands which really appear to be dictated rather by caprice than any inherent loyalty in the persons making those de-

“mands; at the same time you might add a small
“advertisement at the bottom of the play bills
“stating, that proper pieces of music are appoint-
“ed for the band to play, and that they are not
“to perform any other.

“Admitting that these steps might, for a short
“time, be productive of disturbance from that
“part of the audience whose power would thus
“be circumscribed, and I by no means deny
“the probability of such an event taking place,
“when they saw that you were determined in
“your conduct, the opposition, I rather think,
“would eventually die away, and the most re-
“spectable part of the audience be freed, for the
“remainder of the season, from what is, at pre-
“sent, very tiresome: However, if you think the
“above would be too dangerous an experiment,
“or detrimental to your interest in this town, I,
“on no account, wish you to try it, and in that
“case have only to desire that, *if the song must be*
“*sung*, it may not be till after the farce, which will
“give such persons as do not choose to hear it, an
“opportunity of leaving the theatre.

“When I first began to write this letter, it was
“not my intention to have touched upon any
“subject than what related to the song in ques-
“tion; but as a few other things have since oc-
“curred to me, I think I may as well mention
“them to you.

“To mark any *casual* impropriety in the management of the scenery used at Hull, would be a mere waste of time, such things I am well aware must be expected, and always will happen in every provincial theatre; but, when I see, at nearly the most respectable theatre out of London, the same scene indiscriminately used for St. James’s Park and the Wilds of America, or, a scene, through the windows of which a street is seen, used for the inside of a *lonely* cottage, they are such glaring inconsistencies as can hardly fail to strike any person who pays the least attention to them, and, as can reasonably only be thought to originate either from the ignorance or avarice of the manager; but, as neither of these causes can, for a moment, be supposed to actuate your conduct, I am willing to place them to the account of inadvertency; hoping, that now they have been pointed out to you, you will make a small addition to your stock of scenery; at least you ought to have a view of the Park, as that place occurs in almost every comedy, the scene of which is laid in London. Surely this would not be too great a sacrifice to propriety!!!

“The performance of two pieces this season I cannot pass over in silence; the first of which was “The Haunted Tower,” which was acted in so mangled and mutilated a condition, that I

“almost doubt whether either the author or composer would be able to recognise their own work were they to behold it in that state. Pray, do you cut out every other leaf when you compose a piece, for really the scenes had not the smallest connection with each other?”

“The other piece I allude to is “The Surrender of Valenciennes,” which I shall consider more at large than the last.

“The gentlemen who perform the first scene, I believe, are intended for officers of the Austrian army; but as this is far from being a clear case, I think it would be a great addition if you were to order them, the next time it is performed, (that is, if you ever have any intention of acting it again) to say “*We are Austrians!!!*” it would really give a great effect to the scene, and save the audience the trouble of conjecturing who they are. Shortly after, I think, the Duke of York makes his appearance in company with a corporal (Mr. Turpin) and the above-mentioned *non-descripts*; pray, what business has the corporal so near the Duke? If I mistake not, they join familiarly in chorus together. This is a blow at all order, with a vengeance!!! They are, I believe, then joined by some ladies, who, I confess, I was so unlucky as to suppose, at first, were intended to represent some of those com-

“plaisant females who are usually attendant on a
“camp, till the song of “The Soldier’s Adieu”
“set me right, and I viewed them with all pro-
“per respect and awe, particularly the Duchess
“of York, (tho’ I never before heard she had
“taken a trip to the Continent) and I doubt not
“but this would have continued thro’ the piece,
“had not the corporal again unfortunately made
“his appearance, and, from the intimate man-
“ner in which he seemed to converse with the
“Duke, effectually destroyed the “Trick o’ th’
“Scene,” and dissipated all my reverence!!!

“The usual marches and counter marches then
“led on to the *grand* attack, which was per-
“formed in such *an admirable manner*, as quite
“beggars all description. The lights, attached to
“the ends of two wires, and whirled round to
“represent the bombardment, were inimitable,
“and could not fail of impressing the audience
“with a just idea of the action they exhibited!
“But that I am uncertain whether the gentle-
“man is now living, I should really have sup-
“posed you had called in the assistance of the
“ingenious *Harry Rowe* of puppet-show noto-
“riety, for they were just what might have been
“expected from his *sublime* invention; and, even
“as it is, I am apt to believe they must have been
“the production of some “*kindred genius!!!*”
“The scaling of the walls was next performed,

“and in a truly capital style,—*they really carried*
“*all before them!!!*—but, poor I, who was doom-
“ed to blunder thro’ the evening, again un-
“luckily mistook and actually fancied all this
“was only one of the skirmishes, by which the
“siege was distinguished, and impatiently waited
“for another battle, when I expected all would
“have been “o’erwhelm’d in one prodigious
“ruin;” but alas! my expectations were not
“fulfilled, and the crowding on of the performers
“shortly after, convinced me, that the import-
“ant victory was achieved!!!

“I remarked, that not one man of the allied
“armies was killed, and only one wounded; but
“this I suppose was done in order to preserve
“some consistency with those numerous Gazettes
“Extraordinary, which have been published du-
“ring the summer!

“I have just seen a play-bill, at the conclusion
“of which it is announced, that the Surrender of
“Valenciennes is to form a part of the entertain-
“ment on Tuesday evening; if this is really your
“intention, I would seriously advise you to per-
“form also on the same evening, by way of inter-
“lude, a small piece which you may find in the
“works of the late Henry Fielding, entitled “The
“Life and *Death* of Common Sense:” and pray
“expunge from the bill the intimation that the
“said Surrender has been performed with great

"applause, which is certainly a most scandalous
"libel on the taste of the town. I remember
"when this piece was first given out at the Thea-
"tre, the performer who did that office an-
"nounced it as a farce. Heavens! that so glo-
"rious an event should be termed a farce! The
"only apology that I can find for him is, that he
"must have been inly conscious of the *merit* of
"the piece, and, at that moment, have had
"Hamlet's advice of "Suit the word to the
"action," strongly in his memory.

"If you must have a military spectacle, why
"not revive Sheridan's celebrated farce of "The
"Camp?" It would give ample scope for every
"thing that can be done in that way at the Hull
"Theatre, and, from the excellent manner in
"which it is written, would be a great treat to
"all lovers of the drama; or, if this is incon-
"venient, the burletta of "Tom Thumb"
"would answer every end, as a most *delightful*
"battle might be introduced in the second act!

"I cannot help observing that the *roaring lion*
"in "Fortunatus" cuts a very great figure in the
"bill for last Friday evening, and, from his name
"being printed in capitals, I rather think *you*
"esteem him as the first character in the pan-
"tomime! I sincerely pity those actors who
"are obliged to submit to the degradation of
"performing in his company. Such artifices as

“these may be used by the director of a barn or puppet-show; but when resorted to by the manager of a Theatre-Royal, they are, in the highest degree, despicable.

“The acting of some of the lower comedians has lately degenerated into the worst species of buffoonery, such as the follower of a quack-doctor would almost scorn to use; there were very evident instances of it during the performance of “The Irishman in London,” last Wednesday evening. As it is certainly best to attempt the destruction of these evils before they are too deeply rooted, I would advise you to take such measures as may, in the end, have the desired effect.

“I was going to remark the impropriety with which some of the ladies of the theatre dress the characters they represent, but I recollect you have noticed the same fault in your Memoirs; and therefore, as I suppose you have, in vain, tried to remedy it, I shall be silent upon that head.

“I could add some other things, but as I have already extended this letter to a far greater length than I at first intended, and, as, were I to do so, I fear I should trespass, if not upon your time, at least upon your patience, I will therefore now conclude with assuring you, that

"I sincerely wish well to the Hull Theatre, and
"that I am, Sir,

"Yours, &c. ———."

"Upon reading this letter over, I observe some
"grammatical errors in it, but as I cannot alter
"them without employing a greater portion of
"time than I at present have to spare, I trust you
"will have the goodness to excuse them.

HULL, Saturday afternoon,
23d Nov. 1793.

Which thus I shall answer:—

"TO MR. ANONYMOUS.

"SIR,

HULL, Nov. 1793.

"In respect to the well known song of "God
Save the King,"

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give."

If therefore the discerning part of the audience
cannot bring the rude part to order, it would be
a fruitless and dangerous attempt of the mana-
ger, particularly at this juncture; for instead of
being taken as meant, to preserve peace, secret
enemies would purposely put a wrong and dan-
gerous construction. At York I did endeavour
to have it after the farce, but it only tended to
make it more violent, and worse and worse; and

the cause is the obliging others to hear the song, as it is natural to shew the love of power when aided with opportunity, whether Jacobin or Royalist. The surest remedy is patience; by degrees they will weary of what certainly is tiresome, and very inconvenient to the performers, and thereby loses its proper force and dignity.

"In London, occasionally, they have it five or six times repeated: And I hope you will consider, Sir, that from the cause, true blessings may arise, and therefore the song not be tedious. Indeed it is at present almost constantly sung by the audience, and of course unanimously and loudly huzzaed and properly applauded*.

"As to mistakes of scenery they will every where occur, ay, even in London, where there are variety of servants for every department, particularly the first nights of their pantomimes. The observations as to St. James's Park scene, and the Wilds of America, are strictly right; and I hesitate not to doubt, but you are a perfect judge: but had I the favour of seeing you, Mr. Anonymous, who are a most difficult correspondent to encounter, I would convince you most evidently, that the receipts of the theatre do not pay the expences attendant one season in ten; and there is more scenery at Hull theatre than can be worked, which is an article of infinite cost,

* At Hull the song has not been sung by the audience *only*, as at York, Leeds, and the other theatres.

and soon goes to ruin. Not having something more like St. James's Park, it shall be rectified; but too much was in preparation to have it finished last season. The houses from the window is another observation too true, and for cottages in particular, and shall be altered immediately; but the mistake is generally owing to the carpenter, he thinking one chamber as good as another in the hurry of scenery: Particularly in busy plays the impropriety is unavoidable. I do aver I have treble the scenery of any manager in England, Scotland, or Ireland, out of London; but my stages are too confined, and not having room for many sliding scenes, the drop ones can only be let down from their fixtures, and those fixtures unavoidably often contradict the work of the play, and also the farce, and from the size of the stage cannot be altered. Palace-wings to prisons and plain chambers are no doubt a great and glaring absurdity, but not to be prevented, as in a full piece there is not room to stir; the Hull stage, and all my theatres (York excepted) being intolerably confined in length, breadth, and indeed in every part.

"As to 'The Haunted Tower,' it was of so little importance as a first piece, that I could not, from its first representation to the last, get an audience to see it. The plot never was to be called one, and is therefore not possible for my but-

chery to have so much maimed it as hinted at by you, Sir; as I could not take away what was not there to be taken. As to the music, not *one* good or favourite song is omitted, therefore the composer would not (nor will he) be angry. The greatest absurdity is Adela's being in her fine clothes at the first; but that is obviated, as being mentioned to be done at Edward's request; and tho' not to be termed right, yet when the critic is informed that the said alteration saves half an hour in dressing, (for ladies will be tedious in decorating their persons, particularly when they are to be fine) I think it is some alleviation. And as to my own part, I think the piece so farcical, that, take it altogether, it pleases me as well as in a first piece; the best of the music being undoubtedly preserved: and a good set of songs like those had better be kept than thrown on the shelf, as the music is as pleasant as it is excellent; and as a farce it is one hour and twenty minutes, which is full long for an after-piece*; and where an audience do not often attend the same performance,

* As a proof my opinion is not singular,—since the above was wrote, the Star, of Tuesday, Oct. 21, 1794, took notice that ("The Haunted Tower" was performed on Monday, Oct. 20, 1794) no part of the opera indeed produced the least sensation; the truth is, the opera should be cut down into an after-piece, and then by its music it might keep its place.

It is a difficult task to procure fresh entertainment, and all good and intrinsic.

“Toilsome their task, who in this critic age

“With fresh materials furnish forth a stage.

“Not a bad hint for the critic not to be too superfine, and be entangled in a web unexpectedly of his own weaving.

“As to “The Siege of Valenciennes,” your whimsical and entertaining criticisms are too just to be denied, they are true in a great degree, but to get up that spectacle properly would cost a great deal.

“At Astley’s much pasteboard, as soldiers and puppet-shew work, was given at an infinite expence, but that expence was repaid by the numerous monied public of London running after it for 100 nights. The Procession at Paris was represented at Covent-Garden with pasteboard figures, likewise, at Drury-lane, great part of the battle in Belgrade.—But as to “Adieu, thou lovely youth!” we will (like Mr. Bayes) good-humouredly suppose it a Dutch concert: And take the whole budget of songs; there are several allowed good ones. As to the unfortunate corporal, his want of breeding should be a little palliated; for as Trim observes in “The Funeral,”—“He must be civil to those rascals in time of danger, though he canes them all the year after.”

“ Now, Sir, as to the grand attack, it is much like the picture you whimsically paint; but it is not every one (thanks to our theatrical gods!) who is so full of penetration. But I cannot allow my imitable two wires to be supposed from Harry Rowe, (who is *not gone*.) but request, Sir, your good memory will recur to “The Siege of Belgrade,” 1791, at Hull theatre, when the real fire-works stifled the audience, and there is a sufficient quantity of that combustible and inflammable air, which still remains; but it was the machine of Drury-lane who contrived the very much approved mode of which you complain; but I did not know, or your opinion would have been on my side of the question: It cost me a *sum* to obtain the said movement. In London the effect is *admirable*; for the theatre being so large, and the extent so distant from the audience, by which means, what appears ridiculous at Hull, from the nearness of the awful storming, is clever in London. I must say, it rather excites my wonder that the first battle was not quite sufficient without wanting or wishing for a second; but suppose it was skirmishing only, then you will be satisfied of the consistency, Sir, you mention of only one man being wounded, tho’ the mode certainly proved he was *killed*, as a number of dead bodies would not only have made the stage a slaughter-house, but given an offensive *idea* of the plague in perilous times;

therefore in that point it was right to be omitted. And note, Sir, we only killed two Frenchmen, and therefore *common men*, and food for powder, consequently all the wounded, like Mr. Bayes's, were to be supposed—as for instance :

Bayes. “ Dead men !

Dead Men. “ Halloo !

Bayes. “ Are you all dead ?

Dead Men. “ Aye, Aye.

Bayes. “ Why then you that are foot-soldiers get up
“ and walk off, and you that are horsemen get up and
“ ride off.”

“ It is not a *libel* to say the piece was performed with great applause, for it most *certainly* was, that is, it certainly was, provided we may judge from the continued applause of the audience at the conclusion. I do not mean to insinuate that your judgment was wrong, or satirically feasting on the errors which you perceived, but I mean, had it been disapproved in general, I should not have produced it on the Tuesday following, as advertised ; and if, by a dissenting opinion from yours, many were pleased, I had better have had a good house than a bad one : And the strictest financier would discover in fifteen minutes, by looking at my books, that my testimony is serious and honourable.

“ Mr. Cummins declares when he gave out *Valenciennes*, that he did not mention the word

farce. I was not in the theatre at the time,—“the word to the action” is not always at command. Now, Sir, I think I shall have a little advantage over you, which will gratify me much, because I am proud of my adversary, and am certain I am answering a gentleman of superior education, taste, and nice discrimination; therefore hope with such advantages, those good ingredients, liberality and willingness to be pleased, are not wanting: For if the love of censure satisfies the mind better than to praise or be pleased, it is in vain for players, not blest with the London stamp, to give satisfaction. But I perceive in you such a vein of pleasantry, that I will not allow a supposition of you, Sir, being deficient in any good quality.

“Now, Sir, to be brief, as to that excellent piece “*The Camp*,” I do aver, in opposition, it is not fit for the stage, nor has ever yet succeeded: Mr. Sheridan never wrote a line or espoused it; it was a catchpenny for the time, and done in such a hurry, that (I am certain Mr. Sheridan will not thank you for the compliment) Mr. Linley was under the necessity of purloining the old music from the “*Royal Merchant*” to get it on the boards; Mr. Sheridan’s name was foisted into the newspapers to give it a sanction, and that is the whole history of the *Camp farce*. As a proof, all the present unfortunate war

it never has been attempted either in town or country; I believe it was committed to the flames: and knowing that you could not have read, or, I should divine, ever seen that very poor piece, if I knew where to direct a copy, if I could procure it, I would send it, Sir, in order to be honoured with such a profelyte. You forget, Sir, that "Little Thumb" has had his day, and would not answer any purpose, unless the French Count lately at Hull would allure the ladies by playing that character.

"You might with more reason, Sir, censure the managers of both the London theatres for producing, "The Glorious First of June," and "British Loyalty," &c. They are obliged to catch the meteors of the day: and it certainly, Sir, is beneath your good sense to criticise. In London such trifles and such petit pieces, will please the million for many nights. And again, Sir, I do not think your judgment infallible. As to the *roaring lion*, you must recollect, Sir, it is not me only but the Spectator, in 1712, allows the consequence of the roaring lion at the King's Opera House. And if you admit of pantomimes, I wonder, Sir, you are not better versed in such productions, that from Rich's days and Woodward's, to the present hour, in "Perseus," "Orpheus," "The Sorcerer," &c. lions, serpents, dogs, ostriches, monkeys, bears, &c. are the undoubted

claim of those motley productions, and such dramatic sketches. And such entertainments have occasioned in London many crowded houses, when the very best performers would have played on those evenings to thin benches in the pit, and a beggarly account of empty boxes.

“Mr. Garrick by choice put on the patched coat, also Woodward; and the more lions and monkeys to aid the magic sword so much the better; not forgetting the indispensable necessity of witches and broomsticks.

“Fortunatus” as done at Hull, is a credit to the manager and theatre: and sorry am I to observe, that, my own night excepted, it has never brought me a second audience, though it cost a great deal of money. Yet I have known some very poor pantomimes attract much better. So pray, Mr. Anonymous, do not detract from the merits of my lion, the skin and head alone of which cost me ten pounds, and is my very monarch of that pantomime, and I see him as Sir Richard Steele did at the Hay-Market, with awe and respect. Now, Sir, by yours, I should suppose a lion and good performers had only been known under my management, which only proves you had not considered the subject, or I am certain it would not have happened, because you would not choose to have your own satire directed palpably wrong.

"Now, Sir, your remark on the liberties often taken by the comedians is too true, and has not been without my urgently enforcing such doctrine in my Memoirs. On every like occasion the critics must check, as the comedians take the warrant from the peals of laughter bestowed by the million. And you will, Sir, reflect that the farce of "The Irishman in London" was sanctioned by wonderful plaudits. As to the ladies dressing out of character, I fear it ever will be so here, there, and every where, and will only be attended to by the sensible, *not the handsome*. I have always patience to receive such gentlemanlike epistles, also time. But if you suppose by your hint Sir, that time lies on my hands you are mistaken; for I have more employment for the theatre, and letters, and my own scribbling, than my eyes or health are now able to undergo. I hold it a rule not to pay attention to any anonymous letters, and for very good reasons, in general they are rude, illiberal, and like a despicable assassin's stab in the dark. Yours being so widely different from that description, it was impossible not to compliment myself, as in duty bound, to answer so sensible a criticism, tho' not a little erroneous.

"I am, Sir,

"your obliged

"humble servant,

"T. WILKINSON."

Impressed at first sight that the letter alluding to the farrago of the spectacle entitled "Valenciennes," was anonymous, and as such not deserving a reply, yet the criticism and sensibility, under which it was couched, impelled me unwillingly to give an answer; and it should be a caution to all persons of fair honourable meaning never to deal in such ambiguous pride and secret superiority: For who is it they may not wound in self-security, as does the air-gun, which requires a double repellant from the injured.

I have wrote thus far more than I intended, because the letter alluded to is so truly whimsical and so well turned, that I envied and admired the genius of the writer, even where I myself was the subject of the satire and ridicule; and though wrote secretly, could not resist holding it up to public view. But the author of it should have remembered that "A little learning is a dangerous thing,"—I boast not of it. He has rather in wetting his feet, let the stream hurry him beyond his depth, where for want of knowledge and skill he is floundering, and has experienced that he wanted assistance. It is so far a lucky circumstance for me, as I am only a dabbler; yet sticking to sure-footed Experience, I have not fallen into the predicament of my ambiguous opposer.

Not again to repeat how contemptible anonymous writers should be held as tending to wound the

peace of mind of an honourable or a defenceless individual, I can assure the gentleman who wrote the witticism, that from the evening that I received it, November 23, 1793, until Friday, December 12, 1794, I had quite a different notion as to who was the author; I was not fixed in my opinion till October last, 1794, when I found my wonderful penetration had not placed the saddle on the right horse: But it had nearly done a considerable injury to a person quite innocent of the said satirical epistle, for which from common honesty I hold myself, as in strict duty bound, to ask his pardon. However it certainly should be a warning to every nameless frisky writer to reflect, that it is doing a double injury, the consequences of which may be too often fatal; and when the real writer is found out by *accidental means*, he must feel himself in a disagreeable predicament. If that gentleman had not wrote to me on December 12, 1794, he was so great a stranger I should not have known him from our old father Adam.

I have evidently proved he had not the knowledge, either by the theory or the practice, as to the sublime art and sorcery of pantomime: For my own conceited stage-inspection, aided by old Time, has proved the contrary; and fearing it should not, as the world is not apt to give credit to insignificant men, I will give a corroboration of

my assertions as to the consequence of lions, serpents, &c. in a London theatre, from the pen of no less an author than the late Dr. Johnson, who wrote the following in the year 1752-3, when "Harlequin Sorcerer" was produced, and Mr. Maddocks (in the patch-work entertainment of "The Fair") was engaged at the *Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden*.

"SIR,

"As pantomimes are become a very serious concern, and the curiosity of mankind is perpetually thirsting after novelties, I have been at great pains to contrive an entertainment, in which every thing shall be united that is either the delight or astonishment of the present age: I have not only ransacked the fairs of Bartholomew and Southwark, but picked up every uncommon animal, every amazing prodigy of nature, and every surprising performer, that has lately appeared within the bills of mortality. As soon as I am provided with a theatre spacious enough for my purpose, I intend to exhibit a most sublime Pantomime in the modern taste; but far more ostentatious in its feats of activity, its scenes, decorations, machinery, monsters.

"I have chosen for my subject the *fable of Hercules*. It is strange that this story, which so greatly recommends itself by its incredibility, should have hitherto escaped the search of those

penetrating geniusses, who have rummaged not only the legends of antiquity, but the fictions of fairy tales, and little history-books for children, to supply them with materials for Perseus and Andromeda, Dr. Faustus, Queen Mab, &c. In imitation, therefore, of these illustrious wits, I shall call my entertainment by the name of "Harlequin Hercules."

"In the original story, as a prelude to his future victories, we are told that Hercules strangled two serpents in the cradle: I shall therefore open with this circumstance; and have prepared a couple of paste-board serpents of an enormous length with internal springs and movements for their contortions, which, I dare say, will far exceed that most astonishing one in "Orpheus and Eurydice." Any of the common sized particoloured gentry, that have learned to whimper and whine after being *hatched in the egg* in "*The Rape of Proserpine*," may serve for this scene: But as the man Hercules must be supposed to be of a preternatural bulk, *the modern Colossus* has practised the tip-toe step and tripping air for the ensuing parts. Instead of a sword of lath, I shall arm him, in conformity to his character, with a huge cork club.

"The first labour, as they are called, is the killing the Nemæan Lion, who, in imitation of the fable, shall drop from an oil-papered moon.

We have been long accustomed to admire lions upon the stage, but I shall vastly improve upon this, by making our conqueror flea him upon the spot, and cloke himself with the skin: I have, therefore, got a tawny-coloured hide made of coarse serge, with the ears, mane, and tip of the tail properly bushed out with brown worsted.

“Next to this is the destruction of the Hydra, a terrible serpent with seven heads; and as two were said to sprout up again in the place of every one that was cut off, I design by the art of my machinery to exhibit a successive regeneration of double heads, till a hundred or more are prepared to be knocked off by one stroke of the aforesaid cork club.

“I have a beautiful canvas wild boar of Erymanthus for the third labour, which (as Harlequin is to carry it off the stage upon his shoulders) has nothing in its belly but a wadding of tow, and a little boy who is to manage its motions, to let down the wire jaw, or grind the wooden tusks; and though I could rather wish he were able to grunt and growl, yet as that is impossible, I have taught the urchin to squeak prodigiously like a pig.

“The fourth labour, is catching the hind of Mænalus hills, whose feet were of brass and horns of gold, I fear I must omit, because I cannot break any common buck to run slow enough. But he is next to drive away those enormous birds of Stymphalus’s lake, which were of such prodigious

bigness, that they intercepted the light with their wings, and took up whole men as their prey, I have got a flock of them formed of leather covered with ravens' feathers: They are a little unwieldy, I must confess, but I have disposed my wires so as to play them about tolerably well, and make them flap out the candles; and two of the largest are to gulp down the grenadiers stationed at each door of the stage, with their caps, musquets, bayonets, and all their accoutrements*.

"The sixth labour is an engagement with the Amazons; to represent whom, I have hired all *the wonderful tall men and women*, that have been lately exhibited in this town. The part of Hypolita their queen is to be played by the *female Sampson*, who, after the company has been amazed with the vast proofs of her strength, is to be fairly flung in a wrestling bout by our invincible Harlequin.

"I shall then present you with a prospect of the Augæan stable, where you will have an arrangement of seven or eight cows' hides stuffed with straw, which the fancy's eye may as easily multiply into a thousand, as in a tragedy-battle it has been used to do half a dozen scene-shifters into an army. Hercules's method of cleansing this stable is well known; I shall therefore let

* It was the constant custom, till within the last twenty years, to have guards to stand at the frontispiece during the whole performance.

loose a whole river of pewter to glitter along the stage, far surpassing any little clinking *cascade of tin*, that the playhouse or Vauxhall can boast of.

“ As he is next to seize upon a bull breathing out fire and flames, I had prepared one accordingly, with the palate and nostrils properly loaded with wild-fire and other combustibles; but by the unskilfulness of the fellow inclosed in it, while he was rehearsing the bull’s part, the head took fire, which spread to the carcase, and the fool narrowly escaped suffering the torment of Phalaris. This accident I have now guarded against, by having lined the roof and jaws with thin plates of painted iron.

“ To personate Geryon, who had three bodies, I have contrived to tie three men together back to back (one of them the *famous Negro who swings about his arms in every direction*) and these will make full as grotesque a figure as *the man with the double mask*. As Harlequin for his eighth labour is to deliver this triple-form-monster to be devoured by his cannibal oxen, I shall here exhibit *the noted ox with six legs, and two bellies*; and as Diomede must be served up in the same manner as a meal for his fletheating horses, this will furnish me with a good pretext for introducing *the beautiful panther mare*.

“ After these, I shall transport you to the orchard of the Hesperides, where you will feast your

fight with the green paper trees and gilt apples. I have bought up the old copper dragon of Wantley, as a guard to this forbidden fruit; and when he is new burnished, and his tail somewhat lengthened, his aspect will be much more formidable than his brother dragon's in "*Harlequin Doctor Faustus*."

"But the full display of my art is reserved for the last labour, the descent through the trap-door into *Hell*——.

"Thus have I brought my Hercules through his twelve capital enterprises, though I purpose to touch upon some other of the Grecian hero's achievements. I shall make him kill Cacus, the three-headed robber, and shall carry him to Mount Caucasus to untie Prometheus, whose liver was continually preyed upon by a vulture. This last mentioned incident I cannot pass over, as I am resolved, that my vulture shall vie in bulk, beauty, and docility, with *the so-much-applauded stupendous ostrich*.

"The whole piece will conclude with Harlequin in a bloody shirt, skipping, writhing, and rolling, and at length expiring, to the irregular motions of the fiddle-stick; tho', if any of the fire-offices will insure the house, he shall mount the kindled pile, and be burned to ashes in the presence of the whole audience.

"I cannot conclude without informing you, that I have made an uncommon provision for the necessary embellishments of singing and dancing. The Amazons with their gilt-leather breast-plates and helmets, their tin-pointed spears and looking-glass shields, shall give you the Pyrrhic dance to a preamble on the kettle-drums; and at Omphale's court, after Hercules has resigned his club, to celebrate her triumph, I shall introduce a grand dance of distaffs, in emulation of the *witches dance of broomsticks*. I shall therefore, I hope, find a place some where in this piece, as I cannot now have the *wire-dancer* to bring on my *dancing bears**.

"LUN Tertius."

It is rather whimsical to remark, that the fancied pantomime of "Hercules and Omphale," here related in 1752-3, is in actual performance at Covent-Garden Theatre in December 1794.

As I have been speaking of pantomime for and against myself, to divert my companion with antics, as well as my poor abilities will admit, I have accidentally cast my eye over a London Morning print ("The Morning Herald, Nov. 17, 1794,") in the which is advertised, in great as well as small letters, with all proper distinctions

* Maddocks, the wire-dancer, was then engaged at Covent-Garden.

of painters, spangle-patchers, &c. all in most pompous graduate procession, with a *full and true account* (fit indeed for a hawker only) of the New Spectacle Dance at Covent-Garden Theatre of "HERCULES AND OMPHALE," produced in that theatre Nov. 1794. After this never let the London Green-Room, proud lords, and well-fed aldermen, sneer at Mr. Stephen Kemble's bills at Edinburgh, or at good Mr. Cawdell's long history in each day's hand-bill, of the pathetic parting of lovers, the bloody battles, the comical incidents, or the *needful* information that "Mrs. Betty is a comical chambermaid; Ranger a Temple rake; Clodpole a country farmer; Jane Shore a penitent, &c." And indeed what I have often held as degrading to Mr. Cawdell's real understanding (and genius that ought to have been transplanted) particularly at *Scarborough*; as I know it lessens and does not help, or raise the estimation of the company, but sinks it in a material degree; indeed so much so, that the best diving bell cannot afford means to give the appearance of credit or glare to the reader as to raising up, but rather sinks down deeper. But I must declare that for a royal London bill, the manufacturer of their daily fare, may defy superiority or dexterity in that accomplishment, from Bartholomew Jubilee in September, to any barn or play-house throughout the three kingdoms; or

from the days Thespis rode in his cart to the present hour, though there may have been some more ludicrous, ignorant, and contemptible, yet certainly none so pompous and sublime; for it touches the very heavens to secure the heads of the galleries, rather than fail at the being short as to the smallest particle of outdoing all outdoings. And though London is a famous city, yet it is possible all poor folks in the country may not have been so *larned*, and by seeing the specimen be induced to visit London town, to see all this fine raree-show; I consequently cannot resist giving a copy of the bill to illustrate my argument and observations.

I do not mean to be impertinently critical, that province does not become me: But good God! it is a dangerous innovation and a bad example. Why may not so magnificent, so expensive, so delightful a spectacle (with decent puff-introduction) speak unanswerably for itself, as none could with reason contradict or deny the manager's liberal intentions.

Comparatively speaking, I never met with any *pantomimetheatrical* rage equal to the one of "Harlequin Sorcerer," the spring 1752 and 53: Yet so far from being helped by a puffed play-bill, not a story more was announced (as my bills prove) but merely "Harlequin Sorcerer," not a single character mentioned—the same was sufficient. If

the New School requires more false aid, I can only say I am very sorry for it, as it is, I fear, too certain a prognostic we are not in a rising, but a falling state. And I pray God most fervently, I may be as wrong as my own wishes and my reader may conjecture I am; for nothing but necessity can warrant an introduction of that which (for the true dignity of the drama) should not be warranted, but *universally* exploded. This has led my airy spirit to suppose that Doctor Johnson's ghost, or his animadversions, as to the power of pantomime, in his letter before recited, was a prophecy equal to the superstitious Francis Moor's Almanac.

What will a country reader say, who does not read a London theatrical newspaper, when I aver, that, to my astonishment, there is another of Covent-Garden theatre for December 26, 1794, *more potent* than the following; which, for the sake of playbill-amateurs, deserves preservation, and shall be inserted at the end of this volume.

B I L L.

AT THE
Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

THIS EVENING, DEC. 4, 1794.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

Sciolto, Mr. FARREN.

Lothario, Mr. HOLMAN.

Altamont, Mr. MIDDLETON.

Rossano, Mr. CLAREMONT.

And Horatio, Mr. POPE.

Lavinia, Miss CHAPMAN.

Lucilla, Miss HOPKINS.

And Calista, Miss WALLIS.

After which, for the first time, a New Grand Pantomimic
Spectacle, in two parts, called

HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

Composed by Mr. BYRN.

The Music, partly new, by Mr. Shield, and partly
selected from Haydn, Mazzinghi, Gluck, Baumgarten,
Gretry, Martini, Dezede, Eloy, &c. With a New Over-
ture for a double orchestra, composed by Mr. Reeve.

THE STORY.

The Piece commences with a View of
OMPHALE's PALACE.

Omphale, Queen of Lydia, seated on her throne, sur-
rounded by virgins.—The Prince of Dacia and Mycoene
send Ambassadors, each demanding her hand in marriage.

Then follows the

MAGNIFICENT ENTRY of the TWO PRINCES.

DACIANS.

Dacian soldiers bearing spears

Trophies of armour.

Egyptians bearing presents.

Musicians.

Dacian Officers with trophies.

The Prince of Dacian, borne in a triumphal car, drawn
by war horses, in complete armour.

MYCÆNIANS.

Mycænian Officers with swords and shields.

Armour Bearers.

Women bearing presents.

Numidians with presents.

Martial Music.

The Prince of Mycæne, drawn in a triumphal car, by
horses richly caparisoned.

The procession over, a Pyrrhic dance takes place, when thunder is heard—Jove's eagle descends, bearing a festoon, with this inscription, "Hercules is doomed the slave of Omphale."—Hercules enters, clothed in the hide of the Nemean lion, attended by Iolaus—he offers presents to Omphale—she receives them with tenderness—The Princes renew their suit, which she rejects; after which Omphale, Hercules, and the Princes retire different ways. Omphale, in the absence of Hercules, orders her nymphs to prepare for the chase.

This is succeeded by

THE CAVE OF CACUS.

This famous robber (a monster with three heads) who had desolated the adjacent country hearing the sound of horns, lays in wait for his prey—the rival Princes are seen passing through the trees—Omphale and her train appear returning from the chase—The Princes retire and plan to

seize her—Cacus enters and forces her into the cave—the Princes, with their Attendants, attempt to seize Hercules, who, for some time, defends himself against their united forces; nearly vanquished, he prays to Jupiter, when a storm arises, thunder, lightening, hail, fire, and massy stones are seen to descend—Hercules gains the mouth of the Cavern, and thus defends himself from the Storm and his Assailants—Screams are heard within the Cavern—the Prince of Dacia bearing off Omphale, the Prince of Mycœne forces her from him, and, after slaying the Prince of Dacia, escapes with his conquest—the Tempest ceases—Hercules and Cacus come from the Cave, a Combat ensues, in which Hercules vanquishes the Robber—He then pursues the Prince of Mycœne, and is informed by Iolus that Omphale is shut up in the city of Mycœne.—Catapultas, Battering Rams, &c. are prepared, and the Scene changes to the

TOWN AND FORTIFICATIONS OF MYCÆNE.

Hercules at the head of his Army, summons it to surrender—the Prince brings Omphale on the Battlements bound in chains.—The Battering Ram and all the Implements of War are brought in action against the city—the besieged defend themselves by hurling huge stones on the heads of their Assailants.—The Soldiers form the Tortoise back with their shields, by which Hercules mounts the walls—his Army enter the city with Firebrands—Hercules bears away the gates upon his shoulders—the City is seen in flames—Hercules pursues the Prince to the summit of a mountain, seizes and dashes him into the sea—He releases Omphale, and bears her off in triumph,

PART II.

A MAGNIFICENT HALL in OMPHALE's PALACE.

Hercules enters with Omphale, fatigued with the toils of battle; she leaving him to repose—when asleep, Omphale returns, and kneeling to a statue of Cupid, the Figure receives animation—She implores him to inspire the breast of Hercules with Love—Cupid changes the Club of Hercules for a Shepherd's Crook, his Arrows to Wreathes of Roses—Cupid calls on the Pleasures—their train surround the Sofa of Hercules, bearing Vases, Medallions, Baskets of Flowers, Wreathes of Roses, &c.—They form a groupe—when Cupid brings forth Omphale and places her by his side—He then waves his Bow and discovers

THE GARDEN OF LOVE,

In which Juno, attended by Mercury and Hymen, descend the Stage, and clouds dispersing, discover

THE TEMPLE OF JUNO.

Juno joins the hands of Hercules and Omphale, and orders Hymen to prepare the Marriage Ceremony.

This is succeeded by a grand

HYMENEAL PROCESSION.

Four AMAZONS with Bows and Arrows.

Four NYMPHS bearing two Cornucopias.

Four GIANTS bearing Rocks.

Two WHITE BULLS decorated with Sacrifice.

Eight PRIESTESSES bearing Instruments of Sacrifice.

Twelve CHILDREN playing on Lutes, Harps, &c.

The ALTAR drawn by White Bulls, richly decorated.

Sixteen PRIESTS of the TEMPLE of JUNO.

The HIGH PRIESTS.

After which the ceremony commences—this is interspersed with Dances by Nymphs, Graces, Lovers, &c.

Hymen joins their hands—the Cupids crown them with wreaths, and the Piece concludes.

The Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, and Decorations are entirely new.

The Scenery painted by Mr. Hodgins, Mr. Walmsley, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Lupino, jun. assisted by Mr. Hologan, Mr. Byrn, &c.

The Dresses chiefly designed by Mr. Lupino, sen. and executed under the direction of Mr. Dick.

No Money to be returned.

Thus I have finished two stories, yet, like Mr. Aircraftle, I must delay until I tell another; and in order to beguile the time, will *suppose* we are travelling on the road to York, 1794, and was stopped by a little fracas which occurred the last week of the season before the finishing stroke, as appointed for Mr. Cherry's benefit.

That gentleman fixed on Shakespear's "As You Like It." I sent the character of *Calia* to Mrs. Cherry, which was sent back with sentiments of high disdain. Mr. Cherry observed, *that was Mrs. Wood's PROPERTY*: My argument was and is, that no part can be a property; for the manager *is to be the judge*, and possess the power of changing characters as shews the performers to the best advantage: For were not that case to be admitted, an actor or actress of the first abilities might come and not have justice

done to their merits; which nothing but the universally allowed superiority could justify the keeping in possession. I know it is the language of actors, but it is a plan will never be relished by the public in general; for variety is most certainly pleasing. But, according to the actor's unreasonable creed, if the good old Mrs. Pitt were to play Queen Elizabeth from necessity last year, she would plead that having played the part, *Mrs. Pope* should not; for it was her property. Indeed it must occur in every theatre at unlucky periods, that, from the departure of a principal performer, when a piece is urgently wanted, the best shift we can make is the only way to have it accomplished for present purpose. Yet when the proper person is engaged, be it tragedian or comedian, actor or actress, when such a play or farce, so circumstanced, is announced, it is called an injury in the most cruel degree,—a robbery to wrest the part from the person whose abilities were not equal, but had supplied the part from necessity.—If that were a law, mercy on the pieces so violently possessed to the injury of talents and performances in general.

Now as to Mr. Cherry in the altercation just mentioned, when he urged Mrs. Wood's property as to *Cœlia*, in preference to his wife, he forgot two things, one was that (and with every proper right) he chose to play *Touchstone* on his

benefit night, the which was undoubtedly no offence according to every rule and practice in every theatre; but that said Touchstone had been often played by Mr. Penson, which gave him offence, (not but that Mr. Penson had done the same by other performers on *his* benefit nights, in some other characters) hurt his dignity, and what was worse, his peace, (so tenacious are many actors) without any legal right to complain. But it certainly was a contradiction to Mrs. Cherry's conduct, and Mr. Cherry called her lord and master; but that is not always the case in the best governed families. When speaking of the circumstance to Mr. Cherry, he allowed the impropriety of that idea to *me*; "As," says he, "every performer who engages in your theatre, "must know it has been Mr. Wilkinson's custom "to engage not only London performers occasionally, but the principal actors from every "theatre, which must, as accidents happen, fall "on the actor, the actress, or the singer in every "denomination." Now if that was Mr. Cherry's real sentiments, how could he himself support Mrs. Cherry's absurdity, and on her own benefit, and where he shewed the example of the practice not being wrong by his acting the character of Touchstone, that he knew was in possession of Mr. Penson, the which possession gentlemen (and ladies still more so) look on as more than nine

parts of the law, and are very watchful, tenacious, and brave in defending their supposed inherent right; besides, an audience is often partial in despite of taste or judgment, in favour of an old established favourite; and if the new encroacher does not succeed, the old standard tree is a gainer by comparison, and if otherwise, the new performer has only due justice done him as a fresh candidate for public fame. And nothing is more common than ladies, as well as the gentlemen, on the stage, to please their own fancies when they cater for themselves. The admirers of Wesley never admired Whitfield; nor Whitfield's followers the milky flow of the Wesley.

But the little dispute at first relative to Mrs. Cherry's *Coelia*, from a little heart-burning increased to a general flame. It was truly a theatrical influenza: For Mr. Cherry had thrown a little tragic pantomime together. I term it tragic, as part of it was taken from the horrible part of Ferdinand Count Fathom. I sent an old Necromantic witch (at Mr. Cherry's request) to Mr. Penson; that gentleman refused the acceptance, and in the most positive terms refused, without equivocation or explanation, (for under the rose there not only subsisted a jealousy, and fixed dislike, but a Penson party and a Cherry party) and he would not be an old witch to assist his *brother-like* comedian; urging as a second reason

to his *adherents*, that he could not in *delicacy* of conscience give a helping hand to Mr. Cherry, who had acted so very ungentlemanlike as to violently seize his *property* of Touchstone, and by such means throw him on the back-ground. I then had a resource for the old lady's being accepted by Mr. Michell, whom I knew to be attached to the Cherry interest; but there I was mistaken, for pride got the better of the then subsisting friendship, as I received a note from Mr. Michell, the purport of which was, that, notwithstanding he acknowledged every regard for Mr. Cherry, yet he had undergone the disagreeable and severe task of too many *disagreeable* characters, to think of adding to that irksome task. "As to whatever *mischief* Old Margery might occasion, he *could not accept her*—Not as having a dislike to the part, but because she had been publicly *refused* by a gentleman of the theatre." And concluded his note with being very facetious and witty with me, his manager, on the occasion. Mr. Brown next refused being appointed as a General in chief, because he had *formerly* jerked lightly over the boards as a Harlequin. Mr. Cherry chose Harlequin (in his *own* piece) therefore Mr. Brown was not wanted. Indeed I began to think I had not authority to have the Harlequinade done by any means within my power in the jurisdiction of the theatre; for if no one lady or gentleman in the company will assist on an emer-

gency, there is a subversion of all theatrical rule of government. However at last Mr. Southgate very good naturedly, to stop public clamour, and to oblige me and Mr. Cherry, undertook to appear as the old woman with her clasp-knife, in the said mentioned performance of "Harlequin Shipwrecked." These repeated peremptory, nay, I may say, insolent refusals, without being accompanied with sense, good manners, or any degree of conciliation either to accommodate the public, the manager, or their own mutual interest, added I may say, to an almost combined inveteracy and intended rebellion. The only point in my favour was, that the troop separated into two divisions, but both, in fact, against all power, as to the manager; for of that inestimable blessing I was deprived. The natural consequence was, that as conciliation was vain, and all my command evidently fruitless, I declared *in terrorem*, that I had better disband my regiment of royal forces in June, and not play until the races in August, 1794. This *hint*, instead of pacifying, occasioned manifestoes of an universal dismissal, to the pleasing sound of the *ringing of tavern bells*, till their cords gave way, in order to publicly proclaim the ill usage which the truly undisciplined corps underwent from their faithless commander. The hearers were astonished and alarmed at the sudden unexpected loss of their favourite squads,

and acrimony from many of course, attended the cruel conduct of *me* the unfortunate manager. Not but had it been really so, I have known many advantages, by disbanding and recruiting again, as the favourites of the public, and the good and faithful adherents to their manager, are not prevented from again enlisting for the good of public service; consequently, such as were faithful and worthy, would of course be again received with smiles most favourable, and courteous benignity. But, joking apart, the report was circulated with increasing circumstances at Hull and at York, that an universal dismissal of the sound and true, the faithful and the unfaithful servants of the theatre were all discharged to better their fortune as other folks do. And as that related incident or tale has at last finished, thanks to the gods! and to my fellow-traveller's patience, we will imagine ourselves just alighted on a cold night, at York, Saturday, Feb. 8, 1794, when the theatre opened with "Know your own Mind," and "Inkle and Yarico;" also the arrival of my eldest born, John *Joseph Tate* Wilkinson, wedded and bedded to Miss Reynolds (whom I have before mentioned), he therefore leaveth his father and mother, and cleaveth unto his wife: So God speed the plough, and may they receive and deserve the public protection is undoubtedly my natural and dutiful wish. He is

not likely to have his time engaged with lawyers to sign leases, if he was, I should lament my own stupidity in consenting to the glaring absurdity of giving three Christian names, as one answers every purpose, and the other liable to perpetual errors and disagreeable circumstances. I should imagine a copy of a writ would not stand good against him, nor would his will be permanent unless signed at full. I have mentioned this as a hint to those who are blessed with affluence, not from any self-conceited sagacity.

The company at York was the same as at Hull, Mr. Wewitzer excepted, who on his road to Edinburgh, acted one night, the first week in March, Shadrach the Jew, in "The Young Quaker," and Bagatelle in "The Poor Soldier." Mr. Wewitzer's merits in such characters, are so well known and established, that it is needless to make any remarks; but I will venture to hint, that his strict attention to nature, prevents his giving a little higher colouring, with a stronger twang of the foreigner—For, as Hamlet says, "Be not too tame neither."

"My Grandmother" was produced, and well acted at York, Saturday, March 15, and well approved;—also "Heigh! Ho! for a Husband," but not by any means sanctioned. Indeed very few new pieces from London succeed at York, unless such as have a particular stamp of fixed

London fame. "Sprigs of Laurel" was lucky, "Love's Frailties" was not.

On Tuesday, March 20, came forth Miss HANNAH BRAND, with credentials in her hand, from Mr. Woodfall. Perhaps there is not any character, as a romantic stage-struck princess, possesses a more extraordinary set of contradictory passions, than the said lady, Miss Hannah Brand. She is very sensible, but too learned. She knows herself to be an actress of such sterling worth, that every bar to her success is created from the envy, I fear, of Mrs. Siddons, and that of all the Kembles; and from their interests, every manager in the kingdom of Great Britain is a determined enemy. She values herself at not holding up her train as her constant use of large drawing-rooms, and a frequent habit of brilliant assemblies, prevents such trifles ever to occur as necessary. A tolerable room looks very insignificant, from the always living in those of expanse as to width, length, and height. Fielding's works are not deserving the perusal; they cannot be termed poetry, but if they are, it can only be admitted as of the lowest kind, and as the very dregs of verse: No! when she has a mind to be entertained with works of humour, she has recourse to certain entertainment in the *Latin* authors, in their original purity of language; it is there only, that she finds ample field for comic entertain-

ment. No sensible person surely ever sat to see a farce; it was not only a loss of time, but degrading to taste; she never murdered time in that manner but once, and that was to see "My Grandmother" at York, to gratify her curiosity as a compliment to Mrs. John Wilkinfon.

My son, casually asking her what farce she would approve for her benefit, after a solemn grand pause, she said,—“Why, Sir, should “I strike the anvil of my brain, when there is “nothing to hammer out.” She sent me a note one morning, that contained rather, I thought, an absurd expression as to correctness, which I mentioned to her, when she erected her chest with infinite majesty, and said, “Mr. Wil-kin-son, “had I wrote that note to Mrs. Wil-kin-son, I “had not been so precisely exact as to grammatical points, but when I considered that I “was addressing a classical gentleman, I judged “it obviously necessary to be careful of any un- “guarded slip; for if you would attentively re- “peruse the note, you will quickly perceive that “the line alluded to was appertaining to the “*plural* not the *singular* number.” I could not refrain a burst of immoderate laughter; but as soon as my breath recovered, and gave me leave, with resumed gravity, I assured her, the gods had neither made me poetical or learnedly classical.— Still preserving her state, she profoundly allowed

herself to be much surprised, as she understood me to be an author as well as herself. "True, "madam : There cannot be a stronger proof of "my incoherence and little knowledge, than the "circumstance to which you allude to all my "connections, and all those who have never "praised or complimented my knowledge, and "in particular my writing ; but since I had favoured the world with my publications, I had "perfectly satisfied strangers, and indeed every "one who perused those books were fully convinced as to my grammatic excellence ; but "if I exposed myself in that point as deficient, if "I could here and there occasion any one reader "to unbend their muscles to laugh or to cry, and "excite their feelings, I received it as the highest "compliment, and thought myself highly honoured and gratified, notwithstanding any exposure, as to the lack of heaven-born science," "Well," says Mrs. Hannah, "it is wonderful not "to converse with the ancients, the Italians, "French, Latin and the Greek authors, all which "I can read, perfectly understand, and speak fluently : " When immediately she could not instantly recollect whether a word she had just then pronounced was from any expression of the Greeks or the Romans ; and quoted a line of each to ascertain to which it belonged to, the

which instantly reminded me of the Mock Doctor, who says,

"What, Sir, don't you understand Latin?"

"O dear Sir, no, not in the least."

Gregory. "Propria que marrbus tribuunter, mascula dicas, ut sunt, divorum. Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum."

Sir Simon. "Ah! why did I neglect my studies."

(Mr. J. Kemble has a neat mode of correcting another, when either from inadvertency or want of knowledge a word is not spoke properly. If I was to say, "I should have been with you sooner but the fog has made it so SLIPPY, I was fearful of falling;" he would continue opening his oyster, and mutter once or twice, "SLIPPERY.")

A lady of rank assured me that she sat in a box where Mrs. Hannah was in the row behind, at the Opera House or the Play House, I do not recollect which, where she was accoutred in an old-fashioned jacket, with deep flaps (as all York can remember, and testify the said remarkable habit) with a tremendous long bosom-frill, over which the right-hand was plunged, and in a fixed attitude she continued pensively superior from the beginning of the evening's entertainment to the finale. She seldom went or came from the theatre at York but in a chair, so dreadfully fearful was she in that quiet city of the insulter, man.

At the time she was at York were the Lent Affizes, and in the last season, March, 1794, there were more carriages than I have remembered for some years; so many, that at noon it really bore a little resemblance of the streets near Grosvenor-Square, but as a proof of home partiality (Hannah being of Norfolk breed), I asked her if she did not like the flirting of the various carriages at York at that particular time? She said, "Yes; she certainly thought there was an appearance of much and elegant company, but when she allowed that circumstance, begged leave to lament her not being at Norwich; and implored leave to observe, that being accustomed to Norfolk, where she received the daily pleasure of viewing horses of the highest breed, health, and condition, it was deplorable at York, not to see any one carriage with decent cattle." "Why, surely, Miss Brand, you are not serious?" "Indeed, Mr. Wil-kin-son, I am." "Why, Madam, you certainly cannot be ignorant, that in the breed of horses and grooms, Yorkshire is universally known and allowed to be the foremost county in the kingdom." She said she would not contradict me, but it was the first time she ever heard it averred that Yorkshire was remarkable for races, grooms, or horses! A certain instance that her knowledge, not only in that point, but many others, was more in the vortex of her

brain than in the real experience. Her dresses were more than good, and her linen fine, they would not have disgraced a drawing-room on the royal birth-day, but they were all romantic; and either in the street or the room, she wanted only a spear and shield, to have awed the wondering beholders with her grand and majestic portly bearing.

It is no more extraordinary than true, that Miss Brand's dialect was as provincial, as if her education had been utterly neglected: For instance (one as good as a hundred) I might receive your whole *ustate* instead of *estate*, &c. *arkangel*,—*archangel*, as the *arch* of a bridge. Her dresses on the stage I have mentioned as elegant, but all the effect was lost, owing to her wearing stays not of the *new* but the *old* fashion, which barriers defended her charms from all unhallowed eyes: For at present all beholders need not want a peep but look full and be perfectly satisfied whether the view will cause many bidders. But Hannah Brand would not unveil her beauties even to the chaste Diana; therefore she, with well-bound bone, forbid all access. Her breast-works, and all her works were well defended against all assailants; she might enter the lists with a sisterhood of nuns, or a Methodist's love-feast, fearless and undismayed. Troy was not more impregnable within her walls, her bulwarks,

and her gates of brass, than was the fearless Hannah, unless indeed that fair heroine was assailed with lavish praises on her play or her acting, and then the gods (to whom she would appeal) have mercy on her, for on that theme she would be as vulnerable, as the invulnerable Prince Achilles was in his heel. It is no more than strictly true when I aver, that her generosity was boundless, as she would (like Sheva the Jew) stint her appetite to pamper her affections, and live on a crust to gratify others, to whom she thought herself in the least obliged.

I know two or three remarkable, as unnecessary instances. Her first appearance in Lady Townly, so far from being well received, met with rude marks of disgustful behaviour, and that from ladies who did not add by such demeanour addition to their politeness or good understanding; but I must grant that Hannah's Lady Townly, was too formal for the school of gaiety in 1794. Her play of "Agmunda" was acted the last night in the season, May 21, 1794. So tenacious was she of such her invaluable treasure being purloined, that she would not suffer the original Drury-Lane manuscript to be in the dangerous prompter's hands, but wrote out an entire copy herself, actually without one line of her own part being inserted, as a certain safeguard to her property, for on that she constantly placed a

steady hand. At the end of an act she found the altar-table too high, and exclaimed, "If the theatre were to fall in one momentous crush, she would not begin unless it was more advanced;" and with great composure at the end of the fourth act, with the most dignified solemnity, assured Mr. Earby (the prompter) "That she would not proceed in her business unless he first assured her she might depend upon two FLOURISHES previous to her entrance." The play ended as a comic, not as the tale of woe; and certainly as a tragedy, neither was, is, or ever will be able to retain a place on the boards. I cannot omit noticing, that at the rehearsal, after a pause of considerable length, when all were in amazement lost, she turned profoundly round, and in blank-verse tone, said, "Observe, Mr. Warren, I have stopped thus long, that you may remember at night, all this length of time *I shall be weeping.*"

She engaged after that exploit the last summer at Liverpool, where she treated the audience with Calista, with much the same success, I believe, as her tragedy met with at York, for which I am told she ushered a complaining publication to the inhabitants of Liverpool, relating her injured fame not only prejudiced by Mr. Aickin, but by a combination of enemies.

Her performance at York, by no means merited the sarcastic manner in which she was treated; the which, though certainly unkind as ungenerous, could only be palliated by the uncommon stiffness of deportment that the Lady Townly by custom had habituated herself to. Indeed the *school* formality she possesses, I may almost say from instinct.

One day rapping at my room door, "Who's there says I?" to which she replied as awfully as the Ghost in Hamlet, "It is Hannah Brand." Now take this lady from her tragedy and her acting, and she possesses many good, ay shining qualities; that is, she would rather give than take, and does not know sufficiently how to content her mind, with making more than ample retribution for any received civilities. To that generosity of temper she unites a good understanding, and is certainly worthy of much esteem as to her private character; and I sincerely hope that the experience she has had, will make her enjoy with health and comfort, far, ay very far preferable to the buffets of the stage, unless where great profits may come home. For certainly, gold in one hand, fame increasing, friends in plenty, &c. are desirable blessings, and may undergo the fiery ordeal of the envious with the gravity of a statesman, and the temper of a philosopher.

The said season in York 1794, I took a trip to view *New Carthage*, (as Monsieur Tallien terms our London) and there I viewed the New Drury Lane Theatre. The conveniences, stair-cases, and true elegance of that house cannot be questioned; but it is too evident that to build an elegant construction for the purpose no city is equal; and if London is not, why the vanity of an Englishman informs me, that no other metropolis can. For with all the elegancies before the curtain, I could not perceive the stage department, as to green-room, dressing-rooms, &c. were nearly so convenient, or even so comfortable as those of the Old Drury Lane: What time may produce is beyond my profound foresight; but at present, the streets to and from that theatre are very inconvenient, when compared to that charming asylum, in a bad night, the Piazzas of Covent-Garden theatre. And though in honour of the stage, and my true wishes for the prosperity of my chosen brethren of the sock and buskin, I could not refrain a prophecying sigh, that I feared all this very elegant mending might be too heavy for the backs of the present ingenious and spirited proprietors; but if not, I cannot think but less theatres might have answered the purpose much better for the community of the gentlemen and ladies in general on the stage.

It is certain that for some particular established favourite performers, great accumulation of profit may proceed, and flow most plentifully into Miss Fortune's lap; but take the company of each theatre in a general view, I fear that many honest persons of both theatres by the very unavoidable heavy charges on a benefit night, must ever run the hazard of being a loser, or under the irksome and degrading necessity of taking one or more as joint interest from the impending dread of the charges, or what is as bad give up any idea of a benefit at all: which must be a severe loss on many a worthy man and woman, who have families and credit to maintain.

In the year 1759, the charges were only 60*l*. "Ay," but says an observer, "the receipts in 1794-5, are treble to what they were then." I cannot deny that; but I am informed, that in the month of November, when the people from caprice or a thousand causes are not in the humour, there has sometimes not been more than 40*l*. per night in the house: now as the benefits do not in a general routine take place until late in the season, as for instance *May* and *June*, the prospect of *winter* benefits, I fear to many, ay many worthy persons, is not of the most pleasing, but of the most dreary aspect.

This is certainly no business of mine, nor do I mean the least intentional slight to the London

patentees, quite the contrary. But the thought struck me, and a cat may be allowed to look at a king; for had I been with either or both at their own villas over a bottle of the best vintage, I should have uttered the same sentiments, and have asked for knowledge from their better informed and well-established judgments.

When in London, of course, I did not neglect hearing and seeing the BANTI who made, that winter season, her first appearance in May. I could find out she possessed infinite merit: and hearing the great people say so much, of course I was swayed to think as every body of ton and of the rage thought, for a great deal goes into that scale, ay more, much more than is allowed or than we ourselves are aware of. I must humbly hint, that every respect was paid me during my residence in London in 1794, which was nearly a month:—So God save the king.—I can declare during that period, though I often heard that tune universally called for at each theatre, and consequently immediately complied with, yet the song was but *once* sung during the whole time I was there, and that was one night when I had the honour and pleasure of seeing his Majesty and the Royal Family at Covent Garden theatre. Certainly the mode of dragging the performers without patience on the stage like San Culottes is a

disgrace to the theatre, and certainly degrading to the true and proper dignity of that anthem.

I returned the middle of May from London to York, though very bilious, and I find it grows so daily upon me, that the poorest peasant need not envy my life three days out of fourteen, and must I think quickly hasten my steps from whose bourne no traveller returns.

At York, 1794, Mr. Collins gave his BRUSH twice with great credit as a performance, and with aid to his pocket for the trouble.

Miss BRAND gave her best flourish in Agmunda May 21, 1794, assisted by two from the Prompter, and we hoisted sail, chaise, &c. for Leeds. The beginning was very good; but, like other heroes, the more we advanced the more repulses we met with; and as the hot weather increased day by day, and week by week, we grew more desolate and forlorn.

Mr. Fawcett came for four nights and played to very good houses: He had a fashionable and a profitable benefit; and though he interfered very little with Mr. Cherry's comic business, &c. he, Mr. Cherry, took it so *childishly* to heart, that he left me unexpectedly the week following for the Dublin theatre, and termed himself an *injured man*, not without the most kind hints of even my integrity. I shall not pay the compliment to expatiate, but think *ingratitude* from Mr. Cherry I

did not deserve: And naturally for fear he should inform the world I do not write good grammar, or spell any thing like English, (which must be a matter of surprize) I leave Mr. Cherry with wishing him the enjoyment of every felicity, and if he judges that he treated me like a friend, a manager, or with propriety, I am well contented if he is satisfied, and will never, no never contradict him.

It is the undoubted interest of manager and performer to part amicably, as honestly; because the return may happen, and yet irksome from the being inwardly conscious of former ill behaviour. But, says a Methodist, "What has a player to do with conscience?" Why I will tell him; for, if that ingredient is not necessary, another is materially so, and not in universal possession, and that is "*honesty*."—Common sense and common honesty are ever ready at command from the tongue, but I fear not always from the heart, though certainly honesty is the only true policy. What is truly good would be acceptable in heaven, but refused admittance in Pluto's dominions, and surely may be repeated at the theatre as a half way house between above and below, and be fully entitled there to a fair hearing, and by truth gain credit and universal approbation.

But to proceed with my history of 1794. In July Mr. and Mrs. Brown very foolishly left me,

when they might have continued much longer; but they were impatient to be *out of employment*.

Before Leeds season closed, Mr. and Mrs. KELLY arrived from Portsmouth. The lady is a daughter of Mr. Collins the Portsmouth manager, and possesses a share of merit: Her vocal powers are not extensive, but are very pleasing and not destitute of taste. She is very useful in the theatre, and possesses, what is seldom seen on any stage, an artless display of simplicity. Her *Rose*, in "The Recruiting Officer," may be mentioned with truth as one instance, and her performance of *The Child of Nature* is another. Indeed I am better pleased when I see her act *Amanthis*, than with any performer of higher degree—for a substantial reason, which is, that she appears to me with less art than any actress I have seen; and I think she would be approved in that character by the most scrutinising critic.

Mr. Kelly of Drury-Lane, and Mrs. Crouch, on the 10th and 11th of July, on their way to Edinburgh, performed at Leeds the characters of Lionel and Clarissa, and of Solyman and Catherine in "The Siege of Belgrade." The houses were very indifferent, but the boxes much superior on the 10th to the appearance on the 9th, which to a Leeds reader must appear strange, as my boxes are frequently neglected on my benefit on the 11th, and the reason given is, because it

is a *fair* night*. Why I persevere is, that I have not evenings sufficient to supply the performers, and in some degree I am compelled to allot myself that night, as it is too good a chance to give away, and I have occasionally been favoured with crowded houses on that evening; and as to disturbances for the two last years, instead of being *noisy*, they have been as still and attentive, equal to any evening's entertainment produced in the course of the two last summer seasons.

Young Mr. Siddons on his road to Liverpool acted Douglas at Leeds, not only with applause but a considerable portion of sterling merit, and with great promise; but so amazingly like his uncle John, in tone, and manner, that I oftener called him Kemble than Siddons. If his success, from assiduity and strength of genius, should be equal to my wishes, Mr. John Kemble cannot die to the ears and eyes of an audience, whilst the youthful Siddons treads the boards in the town or the country.

A disagreement occurred the latter end of the Leeds season between me and Mr. Hamerton; for which good reason we agreed in one point, and that was, to part. Mr. Lamash had indeed been soliciting me in the most earnest terms, expressing,—that his life was a torment in the

* Leeds Fair is on the 10th and 11th of July.

Edinburgh theatre ; that his whole thoughts and wishes were centered in the being with his former manager Tate Wilkinson ; that he was much improved in his acting, as in his private conduct, which was quite reformed with every attention to oeconomy,—his only pleasure being to improve in his profession,—but he feared that I was determined not to receive him. However as Mr. Hamerton was really to leave me, and when I considered Mr. Lamash's good acquaintance with stage practice, I did not hesitate to engage the reformed Lamash, who was to be with me in September at Doncaster. That agreement being as we will suppose settled, we will leave Mr. Lamash at Lancaster, where he was then playing with the Edinburgh company, and imagine the Leeds theatre closed on the 4th of August 1794, and open York theatre on the Monday following, when Mr. Incledon performed Young Meadows, &c. His reception was such as he merited : And surely to no performer was I ever more indebted, for not only his success, but for his unremitted and I may add his very laborious endeavours to please. He played with me at York races on a second engagement ; he also performed all his principal singing characters, at Leeds and at Wakefield, and went on furlough to *tickle* up the ladies at Scarborough and at Harrowgate spaws : so on the whole he to a certainty made a

tour of profit and pleasure in a very uncommon degree. He should be termed the HERCULES of a theatre, for his toils and labours are far beyond description : Instead of not doing enough, he did more ; yet, to my astonishment, was the next day ready for duty. To enumerate his merits as a singer, they are so universally known, allowed, and admired, as to render it needless : But I think he will die like the swan, tuning delightful music ; and as it is necessary to prepare for death, desire he will study Desdemona's song of Willow.—

The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow !

His hand on his bosom, his head on his knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow :

The fresh streams ran by *him*, and murmur'd *his* moans ;

Sing willow, &c.

His salt tears fell from him, and soften'd the stones ;

Sing willow, &c.

I must tell him that he might have given a line to me and Mrs Wilkinson ; for if I did not read the London play-bills, I should have imagined he was dead in reality.

Wakefield season was full as good as I ever remember it. But let me shift the ground, for the races there are gone, I fear, for ever gone : Oh for thick substantial sleep ! What rhubarb, senna,

or what purgative drug, will scour the lamentable thought!—So, if you please, fellow-traveller, we will drown the remembrance, quit Wakefield, and get to Doncaster races, September 1794, as quick as possible. But really, in my hurry, I have left a lady behind, who should have been introduced to the reader even at York races; a lady well recommended from no less a fashionable place than Bath, a Mrs. JOHNSON, led in hand by her husband, a Mr. Johnson. That lady had played all the last winter, 1794, at Bath, where she was favourably received, but rather too lavishly recommended; the which sometimes (particularly when the praise comes from persons of knowledge) is as dangerous as giving a contrary opinion in the blackest hue,—nay worse,—for merit may emerge from obscurity; but when painted in the highest colours, and the traits are only faint, it is more difficult to attain praise, because too much is expected. Daily experience proves, that puffs, in all sorts of theatres, do not always answer, but meet with checks and innumerable rebuffs.

Mrs. Johnson possesses an excellent figure, dresses to great advantage, and has a good portion of merit, whether as a subject of Melpomene or Thalia; and her behaviour is unexceptionable in every point, in and out of the theatre, and indeed

is such, that every person must be glad to see her in it.

Mr. Johnson is in love with his wife, like Sir Bashful Constant, consequently is irritable to a degree; very angry if Mrs. Johnson is not approved of *highly*. In the year 1787, the said Mr. Johnson was engaged by me at York, but in a pet, from some very trivial cause, left his engagement suddenly, and *depatriated*, at a time I was absent from York, and at London. He was not perfectly right in his conduct relative to the moving some scenery of mine, with the Little Devil, under whose banners he had suddenly enlisted, and to whom I had let the Wakefield and Doncaster theatres. This brought on one of my elegant epistolary altercations, in which I believe I said I was by no means a convert to his excellence as an actor; to which he tartly replied, he did not know how right I might be as to my opinion of his acting, but of this he was certain, he should have a contemptible opinion of himself indeed, if the worst character he performed was not superior to any part of my Shylock. Now, when it came to pass, in August 1794, that he wanted an engagement for his really *well-beloved* Mrs. Johnson, he got Mr. Meyler and Mr. Knight to proclaim their merits; but the identical Mr. Johnson was left (even after inquiring) for me to guess at. So, when Mr. Johnson came into my

room in August last, I immediately recognised my epistolary incognito, when he, with a long, grievous, and melancholy visage, said, he hoped his being the Mr. Johnson who was with me in 1787, would not be any bar to the success of his wife in 1794: to the which I laughingly assured him, not in the least. And indeed, as the strongest proof, I gave more gas than the balloon would carry, and the consequence was, not so good an ascendancy as I expected:—I mean the *puffing* the lady too much.

This incident put me in mind of a story which has been often told of the late facetious Mr. Foote. A person waited on that gentleman one morning, desiring to recommend a young lady, possessing great promise of stage abilities, elegant in person, her voice most captivating, &c. Mr. Foote immediately assured the gentleman who painted his picture in such *warm, glowing, and lively* colours, that he was impatient to see the mortal divinity; and assured the visitor, that she might rely on every protection and encouragement in his power, to secure her the good opinion of the public. The recommender retired, highly pleased with such a flattering reception and token of success as promised to attend his petition. But after a departure of some minutes, the lady's ambassador returned in breathless haste to Mr. Foote, begged his pardon for being so troublesome, but had forgot to mention one

material point, which might, he feared, be a bar to the fair one's theatrical engagement. "What can that be?" says Foote, much surprised.— "Why, Sir, it is necessary to inform you, that the young beauty is a *blackamoor*." "O! never mind that," says Foote, good humouredly, "a fine woman, like a fine horse, no matter what colour the hide is of." So I may truly say, by way of inference, that if any foolish joke against myself were to prevent an engagement with a good performer, I should be very weak indeed; and if a manager will only engage actors who will praise him, his company will be wondrous thin. I fear Gibbet's marching regiment, in "The Stratagem" (of no more than three) would be nearly on an equality.

Now the reader (my travelling companion) will recollect we had left Wakefield for Doncaster races 1794. They were the least attended by all degrees of any autumn I remember. We on the week following took our trip to Pontefract, where, be it observed, we had not been, as usual, in the course of the summer, owing to Mr. Incedon's being at York assizes. The prospect, as to success, was as bad as when the sluices are opened, from dreadful necessity, for the purpose of inundation. However, the third and last week, by the help of a play patronised by the Yeomanry Cavalry one night, and my studying and playing

Sheva, in Mr. Cumberland's excellent new comedy, another, brought us up a little, just when almost overwhelmed; and unless relief had come with speed, nothing could have prevented our alacrity at sinking. We returned to Doncaster, but every thing was cold. The weather was cold, the town and neighbourhood were chilly, the theatre was comfortless, and myself and troop of course partook universally of every uncomfortable sensation. However, with patience, perseverance, and industry, the rays of sunshine, aided by the Graces, in the midst of that melancholy gloom which had unfortunately pervaded, gladdened our hearts; and, by the powerful aid of "The Jew" two nights, the Yeomanry Cavalry at Doncaster for Messrs. Warren and Stephens, Lady Cooke's patronage to Mr. Swalwell, Mrs. Childers's kind assistance to Mrs. Jarman's night, and a bumper of a theatre, by desire of the Cavalry at large, (which body is very numerous) things were brought to their usual level, with the help of Mrs. Copley, on Saturday November 8, 1794; and the audience, myself, and company, all departed with mutual good wishes, and smiles beaming from every countenance: a happy reverse of fortune, and a pleasing sight surely to a manager in particular, as a run of bad business, night after night, requires some little philosophy, for fear of *durance vile*; for that is truly a melancholy thought,

and gives scope for courage and reflection to meet such an encounter, like a third dreadful purgatory for his sins. But the worst part of it is, that in most public diversions (even in London) they either are much followed, or, on the contrary, as much neglected,—so much depending on fashion.

Before I make my bow at Doncaster, and prepare for winter quarters at Hull, I must detain my traveller to desire his perusal of another strange anonymous letter, which I received at Doncaster. Not that I take it to be a certain rule that it was wrote there, nor is it material whether it was or was not : Such as it is, I give it to the public.

“SIR,

“A Friend to Theatrical Amusements being informed, that it is your intention to bring forward the ‘Re-capture of Valenciennes,’ begs leave to submit to your consideration, whether it might not be proper to postpone it for some time, as, in all probability, you will have an opportunity of exhibiting ‘The Surrender of Amsterdam and Vienna,” and eventually that of ‘*London*?’ This, you know, would add much *brilliancy* to the spectacle, and be highly gratifying to the

“JACOBINS.

"You did well to discharge that *aristocratical* dog Hamerton.—Pitt will allow you a pension."

On the said sneering letter I shall not make any remarks, but let the reader make them as best pleases his opinion or fancy.

It will be easily recollected, having before said much on the subject, that I produced the "Sur-render of Valenciennes" first at Doncaster in 1793.

Being now arrived at the Theatre Royal, Hull, where the theatre was not only very neatly new furnished, as to painting, by Mr. Fletcher of Hull, but greatly improved to the eye, by the judicious aid of Mr. Pickering's new embellishments of different paper-borderings, both above and below, from that gentleman's warehouse at Leeds; it had, and has, a very striking effect, and is universally admired.

About this time I did not doubt but Mr. Lamash meant to fulfil his much-desired engagement—No: but, letter after letter, promising to be with me every week, and particularly desiring to make his first appearance in *Ranger*, at the same time requesting a bank-bill for 10 l. which he would repay at his Hull benefit. To that solicitation I complied by the next post, and inclosed a bill to that amount. When that matter was

settled, and he was advertised for Ranger, he wrote word that he could not be there the week as advertised, on account of particular business, but I might advertise, and depend on his being there the 26th. He was once more announced—as he might see by the Hull papers taken at Newcastle—but to that play night he never came, *nor sent*, but destroyed all my comedy catalogue, for want of a flashy Lord Trinket, Marplot, &c. and had really been the occasion of my parting with a very good and spirited actor, Mr. Hamerton. He wrote even after that, that he should be at Hull, and *pay me*, as the week he wrote; but that I knew he *never intended*. I have not made any comments on such behaviour, but must observe that it was the most wanton and unprovoked I ever experienced. I did, as in duty bound, print a few severe lines, to explain to the public how ill I judged he had behaved; but as they bore the evident marks of anger, though truly provoked, yet I should be ashamed to see any thing of the kind from me after deliberation:—No,—I leave Mr. Lamash to be his own judge and juror, and think he must feel contrition; for surely he has pride and spirit superior to imagine a 10l. bill an object sufficient as to certainly taint his integrity and honour, if any remains of such qualities are in his possession. There is no one propensity which I despise more than envy, detraction, and

malevolence; yet if Mr. Lamash's sentiments are guided by truth, I certainly deserve a severe lashing. He urges, in a letter to me, dated Monday January 5, 1795, that I have much endeavoured to *injure* him, but *such* efforts *have*, and always must, prove BARREN against a MAN whose fame in his profession, and his independence in his present circumstances, make him the envy of *some*, and the *delight* of others. I wish I could say the same of myself, as he must be a happy man indeed*.

Mr. HENRY MILLS was, during the summer, strongly recommended to my notice. He is son to the late Mr. Mills, who sustained a *considerable cast for some years with me, and was deservedly, as I have before mentioned, a great favourite, and with whom I never had the least dispute. Mr. H. Mills has barely attained his 18th year, and is at present very serviceable to the theatre. At his early time of life there is certainly (with study and strict attention) time to allow for improvement; and I think, with perseverance, he may in a few years attain to an honest and creditable competence: but much depends on the turn of mind at his fickle date and unthinking period, when pleasure loosely holds the reins, as too often the old are improvident, and only warm

* It is a duty Mr. Lamash has to expect from me to declare, that he repaid me the 10l. in February.

in self-conceit; which affords but small consolation: But young Mills should never forget that he has been left as the Child of Sorrow and Adversity; and that should (now he is on the road to credit) be the stimulus and grand leader to pursue what is good and creditable; the which of course must and will naturally give a spur to emulation and ingenuity. And as he has experienced the want of friends, and in consequence the lack of cash, he *should know* the value of ONE shilling better than those who have never been griped by penury: By such care and conduct he may keep himself from mean actions, obtain friends, and, what is more difficult, may deserve, and be so happy as to preserve their esteem and good helping wishes. But if by bad habits a young man falls into the muddy stream of poison called *morning cheerers*, and, regardless of his payments, deviates from rectitude to duplicity, all the good qualities he once possessed will slip away imperceptibly, like *cool* friends, and the young Mr. Nobody, who had fair to be created Mr. Somebody, is dismantled of his promised worth, and lives and dies *sans every thing*, a vapour, a *non-entity*, being deserted and let down the wind to prey on fortune: I, like the raven, to *all* such croak despair, and cry, "Young actors, all, take heed! and pay proper regard to self-preservation."

To prove the heedless dispositions inherent too

youth in both sexes, I must beg permission to recite a very whimsical adventure of a young lady who wrote to me on my arrival at Hull, November 1794, under the feigned name of Julia Herbert. She wrote to me as being young and friendless, a native of Ireland, and an entire stranger in this kingdom; implored my protection and permission for a trial in the Hull theatre; being passionately fond of the stage, she had left every friend she had in the world, wishing to be engaged where I was manager; desired to appear in tragedy, in which she had been told she had abilities, but would leave that entirely to my superior judgment; her education had been liberal in every polite accomplishment; had an excellent wardrobe with her, and more to that purpose. To which I returned an answer informing her truly that the company was quite full, and that I could not but lament her indiscretion; would give her every advice in my power, if she would favour me with a visit the following morning. About twelve at noon, as I was sitting with face well lathered under my tonsor's hands, a young lady (I was told) entered the room. As well as my situation would permit, I asked if it was "a young lady from Ireland?" A voice answered in the affirmative;—when, casting a difficult side-look, a little, nasty, short, squab figure, almost in tatters, with an old half-ragged silk cloak, with dirty matted locks, skin grubby and unwashed, and

features not of the Olympian or most delicate hue, caught fast hold of my inquiring eye. Said I, "Pray, Miss Thingum, is it you who are the fair Wowlki, who have come thus far to play the Grecian Daughter?" The dingy little lady replied, "Upon her conscience it was; and from the soul of her she should never forget the *sae*-sickness, with which she had been so ba-bodder'd and bodder'd." I instantly, with all my managerial dignity, (forgetting I was in the suds, and in danger of the razor,) started up, leaving the barber in amazement lost,—and certainly with my well-be-soaped face I must have truly expressed an awful tragedy-horror,—when bursting from my grand pause, I thundered out, "Why, you little impostor, to write to me about education, and Grecian daughters, and Alicia's, get away with you, walk down stairs, and never dare in future to impose on me or yourself about such an impudent and ignorant a pursuit." The lady in her fright, almost down on her knees, and trembling like Friday in the pantomime, roared out, "Och! Och! don't hurt me—for upon my conscience I am not the *Gracian* Daughter; it is my own sweet lady, who is a lady of quality, and means to take coach and *sae* you in a few minutes." When I discovered my mistake, the reader will suppose that Wilkinson, arrayed in his shaving-cloth, with lathered chops, and the barber with his

razor, both bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, must have made a good picture without the assistance of the least touch of caricature. I thought, like my Lord Foppington, I should expire with a laugh; but as the highest tides will grow low, and the balloon, from the surrounding atmosphere, being exhausted, must descend to its former earth, so, when relieved from the pain of pleasure, I requested to see the heroine from Ireland as soon as possible; for my curiosity had made me quite impatient. The rustic lass took to her heels, speaking and crying aloud, "Och! och! good fait, I fare my lady won't have to play the Gracian Daughter."—When lo! soon after a carriage stopped at the door, and, on my room being opened, entered, to my infinite astonishment, a young lady about eighteen years of age, most elegantly accoutred, with every mark and trait of a gentlewoman, aided by every exterior mark, and features of delicate texture; but appeared with such evident traits of confusion and distress, as created in me an unexpected respect and concern for her. When her agitation was in some small degree abated, I began to chat on different subjects, and of the families in Ireland; all of whom she seemed perfectly acquainted with. When the stage became the topic, she said she never had played on any public stage, but had acted in two or three private theatres in Dublin,

and it was the only amusement in which she took delight. I then solicited that she would favour me with a specimen ; and as the time grew so as to increase the coachman's fare for waiting, I desired she would dismiss the carriage, as I found her lodgings were near my own ; but when a servant waited for the fare to satisfy the driver, I perceived *Julia*, my heroine, in great disorder, and shifting her hand from one pocket to the other, as Teague, in "The Committee," hunts for a sixpence ; and guessing the true reason, that no money was in the purse, I begged leave to order payment for the coachman ; and then *Julia* and I proceeded to business. Her favourite character was *Alicia*, the greatest part of which she rehearsed ; and then repeated, at my request, to give her courage ; but she was, poor thing ! so truly oppressed with fear and tears, that she was scarcely audible in the room. I told her so : she said, if I would hear her on the stage the following morning with the players, she should have more courage, the which I certainly doubted, as I do not know any thing so awkward as to rehearse before strangers. However I complied with her request, and ordered the performers in "*Jane Shore*" to attend at twelve the next day ; when, after waiting an hour and a half beyond the appointed time, and several messages, *Julia* arrived in a new mus-

lin dress, &c.; and after the first onset on that day of trial, as a novice, rather surprised me, though very unequal to such a character as Alicia. I escaped from the theatre, to avoid a disagreeable explanation of my sentiments, and would settle the matter by negotiating on paper; but in less than an hour, Julia being impatient, came to know her doom, and was entirely in an undress newly equipped again that day. My situation obliged me to be explicit; she seemed indeed almost broken hearted; would, I am certain, have bedewed my knees and feet with tears to have obtained an engagement; but as I did not know the lady, and rather suspected she might be some impostor, I was steeled, and she left me in the utmost agony of grief and disappointment, declaring she did not think, from the character she had heard of me, I could or would have refused her the performing one night, and had been attracted to the experiment, expecting to find me the amiable Wilkinson. She begged, if I persisted in being so cruelly determined, that I would recommend her to some company of players. I urged her return to her friends: that, she said, was utterly impossible; they were, she was assured, implacable, and would never forgive, pardon, or receive her. I informed her what was very true, that I had no such influence with Mr. Stephen Kemble, Mr. Cawdell, or any manager, to pro-

cure an engagement; besides, I hinted the seeming want of cash (that necessary article to give wing for soaring exploits) would not permit her to travel so far; there was indeed a little company at Malton, near forty miles from Hull, but the best road would be to travel by York, which would be above sixty. I would there recommend her to the care of Mr. Taunton the manager, a very honest man, also to an acquaintance at Malton, and would also give her a letter to Mrs. Wilkinson at my house in York, to obtain her, and her *fair* attendant, breakfast, dinner, tea, and a supper, to keep her deranged finances in as good order as possible. This dismal prospect in my eyes was not so in hers, for a gleam of hope and pleasure seemed to arise at the shadow of a theatre. She left me with sorrow; and I felt myself truly hurt, and could not but feel, for the fate of this unfortunate fair one, that I sat down full of grief, and in truth felt so much for her, that with my introductory letters for Malton and York, I inclosed one to herself, pointing out every appearance and likelihood of danger, prostitution, insult, and every subordinate degree of poverty and wretchedness, dreadful to contemplate even to those unfortunately born in a servile or abject state; what horrors, then, must her delicate mind have sustained even at the idea of such a deplorable change; the only consolation would be

death. I therefore intreated and supplicated Miss Herbert to continue at Hull until she could get a remittance to convey her back to Dublin; where at first if she was not immediately countenanced, they would not see her perish, but would protect her from ruin, and after a short penance, would have her restored again to their affections; for which lesson I received the following.

"I return you a thousand thanks, Sir, for the
"letters. They are, in my state, most valuable
"treasures. I have waited here a fortnight, in
"hopes of an engagement with you: They were
"too sanguine, and my disappointment has been
"of course the more severe. I am sorry, Sir,
"you do not approve of the profession I have cho-
"sen, as, in spite of the difficulties attending,
"which I now see attends it, my ardour is as
"great as ever. Your advice must be received
"by me, wherever I am, with deference, but a
"reconciliation with my friends, I fear, is im-
"possible, as their pride is hurt at what I have
"done, and their rage, I fear, implacable. I am
"now, Sir, going to make a request, which will
"not be more surprising to you, than it is morti-
"fying to me. But one month ago I would have
"been shocked at the idea of soliciting pecuniary
"favours from any one, much less from a gentle-
"man to whom I am quite a stranger. But I

“ now find by experience, that distress gives timi-
“ dity itself assurance. It is for the loan of two
“ guineas. I ask no more than I can easily repay,
“ when I hear from a friend in Dublin. If you
“ refuse me, I must stay here till then, which
“ will be a dreadful loss of time, besides incur-
“ ring unnecessary expence. Be assured, Sir,
“ there never was a debt will be more faithfully
“ discharged than this. Do not think I am en-
“ couraged to this freedom by the goodness you
“ have already shewn ; it is to me a most painful
“ task, but my situation is in the highest degree
“ destitute, disagreeable, and perplexing ; but you
“ are the only one in this strange land to whom I
“ can look up, and whom I must ever remember
“ with gratitude.—I am, Sir, your most grate-
“ ful and obliged humble servant,

“ JULIA HERBERT.”

So the reader perceives my advice was not taken ; and indeed I should have recollected, that all heroines who elope in romance, novel, or play, are seldom in perfect character, unless their chastity is put to the trial, and some unforeseen and unlikely rush of knight-errantry, with electricity, changes the mournful sounds like that of muffled bells, to the more discordant lively shouts of a mob, and the glorious chivalry of drums, trumpets, and the clang of arms, aided with victory,

hailing the distressed hero or heroine, with the songs of triumph, praise, and joy. So of course, had my tragedy princess been assailed either by robbers or brutal ravishers on the Malton road, she and her virgin attendant, with scissars sharp and a penetrating penknife, would have defended their honours, like princess Rustifusty, with their backs against an old oak tree, and have slain at least part of their adversaries, and the others would craftily have secured their safety by flight. Perhaps the reader will say this young lady's situation was too critical to render it a subject for laughter, and indeed I think so too; therefore will seriously inform my reader, that in this eventful and dreadful situation did this young lady set forward on hazard to York, on her road for enterprise and action at the little town of Malton. She delivered her credentials to Mrs. Wilkinson at York, who very obligingly obeyed my requests as to care and comfort, hoping she was what I had recommended to her protection; but not without a severe lecture, by return of post, to me at Hull, wondering at my credulity, or intended imposition on her good nature: for instead of appearing as I had described, (and thought she would certainly have gone in neat habiliments,) instead of such precaution, she and her disconsolate wild Irish waiting-gentlewoman presented themselves perished with cold, hunger,

frost, and snow, with a little bundle containing a couple of shifts, and not the necessaries of change of covering; however, after dinner, speaking of her musical abilities, (which Mrs. Wilkinson doubted) my daughter begged the favour she would touch the harpsichord, with which she readily complied, and as the strings obeyed her touch, struck Mrs. and Miss Wilkinson with astonishment, as the rapidity and neatness of her fingers seemed more like that of a master than a pupil. The next day she set forward for Malton; and in about two days after that, I received a letter from Mr. Daly, manager of the Dublin theatre—the purport as here inserted.

“DEAR SIR,

“A young lady of respectable connections in
“this city has lately eloped from her friends:
“it is imagined, with an intention of joining
“your company. A gentleman of her family
“will have the pleasure of handing you this;
“and if you can assist him in the recovery of her,
“you will much oblige your obedient humble
“servant,

HARCOURT-STREET, }
DUBLIN, Nov. 18, 1794. }

“RICH. DALY.”

Likewise the following from the young lady's brother.

" SIR,

" I intended delivering the letter from Mr. Da-
 " ly myself; but the information I received at Park-
 " gate induced me to come to London. Not be-
 " ing however yet able to discover the young la-
 " dy, who is my sister, and having reasons to be-
 " lieve she might have went to York, I therefore
 " request you will have the goodness to let me
 " know, by return of post, whether any applica-
 " tion has been made to you by such person, and
 " also in the mean time to detain her with hopes
 " of being employed by you, and at the same
 " time to conceal from her most studiously that
 " any person is in quest of her.—I am, Sir,
 " your obedient servant,

SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, }
 BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE, }

" N—— M'——."

About the same time I received a letter from a most respectable and friendly character, Mr. S——r of York; but the contents being to the same purpose as those from Mr. Daly and the lady's brother, I judge it unnecessary to introduce it here.

On these hints, from principles, I hope, of integrity, I wrote to Mr. Tannett such a letter of inquiry as gave the distressed damsel a gleam of hope as to an engagement with me: for it was a double duty; the preservation of an elegant, well-

bred innocent young lady, and as was incumbent upon myself, in respect not only to her friends, but particularly to my worthy well-wisher Mr. S——r. Mr. Tannett answered thus:

“DEAR SIR,

“Miss Herbert performed the part of Alicia
“on Tuesday night, and was very favourably re-
“ceived; indeed so well, that many persons
“think she has been on the stage before: she says
“she has performed in a few private plays, but
“nothing more. In some parts of her perform-
“ance she was very clever indeed; in others she
“wants instruction; that obtained, I think she
“will be a very good actress. She seems to have
“had a very good education, and, I make no doubt,
“is of a respectable family, from whom, for
“some reason or other, she has foolishly eloped.
“I wish it was in our power to be of any essen-
“tial service to her, but we have as many as we
“can well do with; and should she continue with
“us, our salary cannot maintain her and her ser-
“vant without other assistance; and I think (with
“you) she is in distress. This evening she is to
“speak the Ode on Alexander’s Feast. At any
“rate, I think she may get a pound or two by a
“benefit, when she has performed once or twice
“more. Could you make it convenient to receive

"her, I think it would be the most eligible situation for her until she can get reconciled to her friends.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

MALTON, Nov. 24, 1794.

"B. TANNETT."

Soon after this the brother arrived at Malton, when she, like another Thais, was just ready with lighted torch in hand to set Persepolis on fire, and seized her as his lawful prey; horses were ready—post-boys equipped—and off they flew from the unhallowed rites. But I am sorry as an historian to relate what is too true; the brother in his anger refused to take into the carriage, or even to pay for a cart-conveyance for my little Irish dowdie, the *Gracian Daughter's* attendant, but left her in a strange country to the mercy of the woods and wolves. The people at the inn shuddered at his inhumanity, and actually paid for her place in the returning Scarborough stage-coach, to prevent her being a burthen on their parish, hoping that in twenty miles anger and passion would subside and give place to pity and feeling humanity.—But no such thing; for poor *Worowski* was left to starve at York, and be a beggar at any strange door for the scraps from the table. But, Oh shame on such disgraceful lack of feeling! for how could any man with the

boasted name of gentleman or family, for his own sake, leave a poor ignorant in December's frosts and snows to graze upon the common!

Having finished the tragical part of my history, I must beg permission to smile once more, and border on the ludicrous, that the severity of the brother certainly was carried beyond all bounds, and for a glaring reason, which is, that I never read of any bold adventurous lady or knight plunging into exploits, daring the hazards of the land and ocean, without a trusty confidante. Don Quixote had his Sancho Pancho, Oroondates his valiant trusty squire, Orestes his Pylades, Alexander his Hephæstion; and Statira, Roxana, and Cleopatra an Iris, a Charmian, or some honest breast as a faithful repository. Sophia Western had Mrs. Honour, who never blabbed; Amelia, in "The English Merchant," has her worthy Mrs. Molly; and what would the renowned Don Quixote have done without his trusty squire Sancho Pancho, or indeed Sancho Pancho without his faithful and well-beloved Dapple. If these things are so, how, ay how could the cruel brother be angry at Julia Herbert (like poor Yarico) having her Wowlki.—And so—and so—*that's all*. And I wish the lady every happiness.

Misfortunes past are stories of delight.

"O most lame and impotent conclusion!"—
 Insufferable.—"Why Lord!" says a young lady,
 "this was tolerable at first, but I would not have
 "pored my eyes out about her fufs with the
 "stage and elopement, and no lover in the case,
 "I have no patience with Julia Herbert!" Why,
 that is all very true, if now perused by a young
 fair reader, but unfortunately I restricted myself
 to [truth, a quality not often too apt to create
 much mirth or entertainment; but by way of
 comfort, as I cannot keep a secret, must confess
 accident this day, January 2, 1795, has given me
 a little hint of that kind, the which I shall be so
 dishonourable as to betray for the gratification of
 the curious reader. This embryo intelligence is
 from my daughter, which secret I reveal *pro*
bono publico :

"YORK, Dec. 29, 1794.

"MY DEAREST FATHER,

"Am glad to inform you that Miss Herbert's
 "maid has got a place; I fear it is a very bad
 "one; however, for the sake of her present sup-
 "port, it was embraced with pleasure. The
 "lady's real name is M——k; she has been
 "brought up under her aunt Lady A——r, who
 "has given her one of the first educations. She
 "seemed in her conversation very clever and sen-
 "sible,—but what a frolic to take. Though, by

"the bye, I understand there was a gentleman in
"the case, who taught her to act, and he, it
"seems, has been off two or three times himself
"in the same manner; so the plan was, that if
"she obtained an engagement with you, he was to
"have immediately followed, and then a wedding
"would have taken place, which ceremony cannot
"be celebrated in Dublin, as their friends
"will not give their consent. Her aunt lost her
"first Lord some years since, and then took a second,
"whose name was M——n; he is still
"alive. I should suppose they must be a jolly old
"pair, for the lady is turned of eighty. So much
"for them."

So now, fair reader, as I have indulged your curiosity as to a lover, you will be satisfied that the story could not have been by any means finished without an elopement: for, as Rosetta sings,——

Resist, and be free,
Run, riot, like me,
And, to perfect the picture, elope.

There remains one little point to gratify curiosity *not* yet explained, which is, that wonder must be predominant, after my declaring how well the young lady was dressed, that she and Wowiski

should appear so miserably forlorn and shabby when they waited on Mrs. Wilkinson at York; what I averred was true, that she had plenty of linen when I saw her at Hull, but it was like Sharp's in "The Lying Valet," that plenty was all left at the pawnbroker's; for on her being taken prisoner by her brother from Malton to York, I received a letter from Mr. S——r, requesting that I would release her box from extortionate bondage, which contained various articles, and forward them to Chester by the mail-coach, where they would wait the arrival. So, having fulfilled that commission, and wishing the lady every happiness, calm seas, and a propitious voyage, will suppose her safely landed at Dublin, and will take my leave and proceed with the remaining history of the Hull season.

Entre nous, let me inform the ladies, that Wowlki's charms captivated the heart of a young faddler, of Malton, whose burning bosom inspired him with impatient fortitude to dare the elements, and with air-beftriding steps he walked in the night, to indulge a look by moonlight on the object of his tender passion. When arrived at York, he, by the help of well-thrown mud at Wowlki's garret casement, awaked her; she arose, and by her brightness dimmed the twinkling stars, when perceiving her shivering lover, whose red chopped hands wanted a gentle covering, the amiable fair

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one recollected she had in her ragged pocket an old pair of black *worsted* mittens, which she committed to the winds, and they were most eagerly caught by the inspired swain, who quickly enrolled his rough cold fingers into the genial warmth. He sighed something about a ring and marriage; the virgin blushed, and answered "*Yes.*" But oh! mournful to relate! whether *faithless* to his *vows*, or owing to a tempestuous flood, or the mournful effects of gin or bolder brandy, which took possession of his faculties, I know not:—for ah me! ah me! neither ring nor lover has been heard of since. And as for the half-heart-broken Wowski, she has been conveyed to Liverpool in a waggon, and thence to sail for dear Dublin, where I trust she will once more "*sae* (upon my conscience) her *dare* mistress the *Gracian* "*Daughter.*"

A Miss STRATTON arrived from Bath, who had only played two nights at Cheltenham. She has had a good education, been well brought up, and has an elegant turn for poetry. She is well behaved as to the strictest propriety; and I think, by assiduity, aided by strong inclination, she may do very tolerably on the stage; but has been greatly hurt by Mr. Meyler of Bath, whose taste and judgment are both unquestionable. His description of Miss Stretton ran thus in the Bath print:

Volume IV.

K

“ It has been often asked here at Bath, who is
“ to succeed Miss Wallis? which question can
“ now be answered by saying Miss Stratton.”

I, on seeing that paragraph from an authority
where my faith was inviolably fixed, rushed into
an engagement with Miss Stratton as a rising star
of the stage, and twenty to one but I had made
use of Mr. Meyler's authority to have introduced
that young lady to public notice. But his good
wishes to serve should not let the tide of good na-
ture overway his judgment, for it certainly is a
very dangerous way to advancement: to say too
much of promise for a young performer, in par-
ticular, it is as precarious and as likely to be un-
fortunate as the demanding too large a sum for
the good-will of an ill-situated public-house.
Mr. Meyler should with reverence here remem-
ber our father Shakespear's words, where Bene-
dict says,

“ Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for an
“ high praise; too brown for a fair praise; and
“ too little for a great praise.”

However Miss Stratton I let take her chance
on the boards, and wonder I have not said some-
thing more in her favour, as Mr. Elliston of the
Bath theatre, who has almost arrived at the sci-
entific part of a play-house, was profuse in his
recommendation: A rock the recommender and
the recommended should studiously avoid the va-
nity of trusting to.

Miss Stratton appeared early in November 1794 in Miss Hardcastle; and were I to say more than with a degree of mediocrity, I should say more than is true; I have not a doubt but if good sense, good manners, sensibility, and observation, aided by delicacy of feeling, can make an actress, that young lady possesses those rare and enviable qualities. I sincerely wish her success, and shall be proud to serve her. As to my observation, she appears to be a very amiable character on and off the stage.

Mrs. YATES, a pupil of Mr. Hull, made her appearance on Tuesday, November 25, 1794, in Euphrasia in "The Grecian Daughter;" and on Friday the 28th, in Mandane in "Cyrus." That lady had played the first-mentioned character at the Hay-Market in the winter 1794, the latter at Covent-Garden Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Hull. Mrs. Yates certainly possesses a very powerful voice, which when by judgment and practice, with modulation aided by variety, and the action better moulded, (a very necessary alteration) there is ground-work, if the mine can be found out; but to find that mine will require great study, *diffidence*, and labour, and to reach perfection, to grasp the golden ore, should have been pursued at an earlier period.

Mrs. Yates is at the prime of life, it is true; but to bring a peach to perfection by the nursery,

it should, I guess, (being no botanist) be cherished and nurtured at an early period, before the bloom takes place, for then it grows too fast, is beyond the help of the gardener's pruning-knife, nor wants the aid of a hot-house, but is at maturity before it is time for any improvement to give aid or fostering by necessary culture. Mrs. Yates possesses the materials in a great degree, but *she knows it*, which is not an assistant, but on the contrary, a bar to her fortune. Certainly her powers, when mingled with discrimination, may produce in time an aloe of perfection.

Mr. FRANKLIN made his appearance at Hull in Sir Lucius O'Trigger. That gentleman, without any compliment, has a natural turn for the muses, and has wrote many little pieces deserving of much approbation; particularly, when a boy, he more than assisted in the writing the romance of "Allan Fitzherbert." His merit as a comedian appears to be in the lower comic Irish characters, but he likes to play Marplot, Ranger, &c.; and what practice, aided by strong inclination, may do, I am not prophet enough to tell. His behaviour is that of a gentleman; and his education, I believe, demands it from him as a just debt. He surprised all the hearts of the young ladies at Stamford (when in Mr. Pero's company) to such a degree, that he, with his Dublin persuasive argument, most honourably has taken to wife a lady of very respectable connections and fortune,

and by his and her endeavours to avoid all superfluous expences, will I hope always make their pot boil.

But soft! One, two, three!—Tap, tap, tap! It is awful!—a notice, that like Hamlet's ghost—Ah! ah! art thou there, Old Truepenny!—A Spirit of Grace has just informed me, that Mr. Garwood, with one *askance-look to the right, and another to the left*, has not let his croak preface dread on the poor players the November 1794, with language most forcible, but whose slow distilling drop of words weigh heavy on the bare-headed hearers and groaners. But Mr. Dykes gave a gentle admonition (as I understand) denouncing banishment from his chapel of all those who went to plays in 1794-5; and therein I most submissively think he was much to blame: for if all his congregation were as pure and unfullied as himself, there would be no occasion for such pious exhortations and exhibitions of his animal magnetism. Were I to tell the audience from my stage, if they heard Mr. Dykes on a Sunday, they were not welcome any play-night at the theatre, and only suppose, Mr. Dykes, that your congregation or mine were to take us at our word, what would become of us both? for you would find it as disagreeable to preach to empty pews, as I should, on my benefit-night, to play to empty boxes. And in short the theatre is the best friend

you have; indeed it is evident, as it has kept your lungs in healthful play for reformation; and unless people were now and then guilty of swinging sins, there would not be sufficient for repentance.

If Mr. Dykes will sincerely and fervently offer up a prayer for my amendment, I shall not treat it with contempt, but will esteem myself obliged to him, as I have a high opinion of his talents, but I fear that he lacks charity and lenity, by which doctrine he certainly is not so good as he would wish, and, to the unthinking, he appears to be. I have been told from authority, but cannot assert it, that at a certain chapel, a rigorous Mr. R—t, a watchmaker, is appointed confessor and superintendant over such people as go to a play or touch a card, &c.; and if found guilty of such enormous sins, they are forbid the sacrament. Surely no sensible person or persons can submit to such egregious *impudence*, and still the more so when the name of religion is so prostituted to sanction hypocrisy and absurdity in the highest presuming degree*.

* Accidentally reading Goldsmith's History of England, volume III. page 221, I found myself in an error, where, in page 105, in volume IV. of this work, I have inserted King James the first, where the reader will please to read *King Charles the First*; for it was in Charles's reign that Prynne's severe sentence was put in force for writing an enormous quarto of a thousand pages, which he entitled, "*Histrionastix, or a Scourge for the Stage.*"

Of the said Mr. R—t I have heard Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, who were *players* at my theatre, and who *visited and supped* with him at Hull, relate very whimsical incidents; particularly when Mr. R—t acted Iago, and was for some time a strolling actor in a little company of comedians, which I have heard them relate to Mr. Southerne, my son, and myself; and I do not deal in the fabulous, and, thank God, my word can be taken and depended upon. Well said, Tate, if no other person can speak well of thee, I am secure in a single voice in self-praise, and hope the seeming vanity of the assertion will by charitable good nature escape malevolence and censure. I think I should be a good subject for the said watchmaker to work into reformation and canting. Well, who knows?—all in good time—I may be won.

I have gone through great part of the Hull season without noticing Mr. and Mrs. Edwin. They performed previously in October 1794 at Doncaster.

I have already given an account of Mrs. Edwin's merits (as Miss Richards) and our ins and outs, and our pouts in the year 1790-1. She was very clever *then*, much more so now; she can step out of her walk as a good actress; is excellent in Storace's part in "The Prize," I mean the burletta scene in particular. And I do not know any

lady, in or out of London, nearly so able to sustain Mrs. Jordan's youthful cast of characters: an inch or two more in height would by no means hurt her. She possesses a handsome, expressive, and a healthful countenance, aided by great spirit, nature, and sensibility.

Mr. Edwin has been but a few seasons on the stage; appears to advantage in Lenitive in "the Prize," Nipperkin in "Sprigs of Laurel," and is better than any comedian I have hitherto seen play Mr. Tag in "the Spoil'd Child." That gentleman has had the advantage of receiving a good education, and also many opportunities to observe men and manners. If he will take care of himself, there is no doubt but the public will take every care of him that his merit lays claim to; therefore it will be his own fault if he does not possess plenty, with happiness and content. Mr. Edwin dresses his characters better and more characteristic than any comic actor I recollect on the York stage. Not but Mr. Cherry had great merit and attention to that particular and necessary point.

I am aware that I have not noticed Mr. KELLY from Portsmouth; my reason is the certainty of not being able to render my poor opinion palatable, but the contrary; as I may rest satisfied, that Mr. Kelly, like Tom in "The Conscious

Lovers," would not wish himself "a bit taller, or a bit shorter than at this present moment."

I am here impetuously impelled to hint to those of my unthinking brethren, that of all the disagreeable appendages, which unavoidably attend a theatre, there is none, no none so dreadful to a manager, as such performers who are not only *dissolute* now and then, but *too customarily* so.—There are instances of the giddy, the tolerable, and the intolerable in every profession: But surely when such people boast of intoxication, they have not the least regard to their own healths, pockets, or relations. How can any manager be supposed to have any controul? or what can inebriety end in but misery and a short-lived broken constitution?—I wish they would recollect in every theatre the almost recent instances of a Shuter, a Weston and an Edwin, all of whom might have been now living in affluence and plenty, had they only purchased a little thought.—The late Baddeley, who died suddenly in Nov. 1794, though never above mediocrity in his profession, yet, by a skilful economy, not only lived with credit, but will live to perpetuity, by the leaving a well-earned considerable sum for the support of his decayed brethren (when, as invalids, they may be rendered incapable of service) to preserve them from the blasts of January and the winter's flaw. I speak to all performers feelingly for their own pride; and indeed

for the credit of the theatre and the audience, doubtless such outward deportment "*is most devoutly to be wished*:" For certainly to be treated as a gentleman, requires a gentlemanlike behaviour. A proud character, even of fortune, who cares not whom he insults beneath him, be it observed, is not esteemed even by his *equals*, unless a portion of good manners, when in his cups at least commands respect, no matter how great his estate; and that should ever be attended to, and self-pride should strengthen the hint.

It is certainly to be allowed that the player is no more accountable for his private conduct than any other individual; but every individual is liable to being called to account when he returns home riotous, or enters into perpetual frays, and cares not who he insults: Why then, if in a frolic, cannot they have their frolic, so be it, yet peaceably like other people, and not *take pains* to be noticed by proclamations: But then it would not be *buckish*, it would not be *the terrible*, their bones would not be so often broke;—and soldiers are proud of their scars.

I am sorry to observe I *have had* at least some half dozen such uncontroulables to deal with in my time; but to manage such Hectors was (and would be) impossible. For the least remonstrance is so very offensive, that they immediately, in their minds-eye, intend to carry their

merits to a better market; quite forgetting that such qualities, though admitted at first as intrinsically good, but are so much the worse from neglect that they are perishing, therefore only are conveyed in a withered decaying weak state, and are thrown on the common and passed *regardless* by.

Without a tolerable attention to improvement, which cannot be attained by youth without study and strict application, with a proper amiable thirst for knowledge, profit, and a fixed reputation, which certainly cannot ever be accomplished, unless strongly aided by that necessary self-love, without which, no Garrick, Quin, Wilks, Cibber, Booth, Woodward, Yates, Sheridan, King, Kemble, Bannister, jun. Quick, Pope, Siddons, (and, thank God, a numerous list for the credit of the public and the stage) had ever graced our British dramatic annals. I speak on this subject feelingly, from a true interest for heedless actors to think before it is too late. It is surely necessary for every actor to look with a little more than sailor-like care, and not to let corroding reflection come when faculties are benumbed, their dissipated companions all dead and forgotten, and themselves, with humbled pride and shaking nerves, obliged for existence to the tired-out patience of unpitying subscriptions. That such a lot be seldom or never known in any state of life is not only my sincere wish, but I

am sure that of every *true gentleman* off or on the stage. It is true I have drawn, I hope, an exaggerated picture, and have done it in the true hope, that if it has not happened, to many it may act as a gentle hint for prevention, and sincerely wish it never may be realized, but remain as an idle air-born vision of my fantasy.

In the latter part of the Hull season, to which we are here drawing to a conclusion, I had the Jew for my benefit night, January 20, 1795; the house was brilliant and crowded, but not so much so as it would otherwise have been but for the inconvenience of getting to the Theatre, occasioned by the uncommon severity of the weather; the which, like a long lane, seems to have no ending.—I can boast that myself in *Sheva*, was honoured with much applause, as was indeed the whole play, though much impeded in effect by the unavoidable interruption of an universal coughing resounding from all parts of the house; nor were the performers exempt from the same unlucky influenza. Mr. Southgate had considerable merit in *Jabal*; I could not wish to see it better acted, a proof his abilities are not decayed, but well worth his attention to cultivate.—Mr. Southgate should be well contented when the audience testify their approbation by laughing, without his bursting into a chuckling of self-applause. It not only destroys all effect, but is

truly childish—and if he will but always keep his Jabal in view he will be sure to gain, what every one wishes to enjoy, the esteem of every part of the audience.—He acted Simkin also exceedingly well.

The success of the Hull theatre, 1794-5, seemed to promise a very even run; but when I had hoped it would have improved, many ladies declined coming on account of the rude disturbances which I have been compelled unwillingly to relate; and to give additional cause for sorrow, the weather, in January, set in with such severity, that the roads would not allow of visitors for pleasure, either from Lincolnshire or Beverley, &c. and the streets in Hull were so clogged as rendered it as dangerous as disagreeable, either for persons on foot or in carriages to pass; of course a comfortable fire-side was preferable to a cold seat in the playhouse, or a shivering dangerous walk or ride to get there. With these mentioned unlucky interventions the reader will not be surprised when I solemnly declare myself a *very considerable loser*. However, I look forward for better days, when smiling peace, with an increased flourishing commerce, will glad the inhabitants and players with prosperity and plenty; though, if the word *plenty* be confined to *stowage* for the stomach, let time wag as it will, that is always going on by the continual partaking of abun-

dance : No actor will ever be found starved to death at Hull for lack of food or moistening of the clay:—No, being kept more abstemious would be much better. I speak feelingly by experience, from which I preach. The word *preach* makes it occur to me as a duty to enroach a few minutes with a few lines of necessary exhortation, not only to the scattered flock of strayed sheep, (I mean Comedians here there and every where;) but as a rouze to the old heedless as well as the young, I wish each may be as observant as possible. Experience the master teacheth, but the master is not always more sagacious or good than his scholars; therefore, I do not harangue as proud of my own goodness and superiority, but on the contrary include myself as number one in many respects, and lamentably must, with compulsion, reveal as an historian, I am truly grieved to relate that the Hull theatre this season, 1794-5, has been degraded in the most shameful manner; my property, as to the ornamental part, has been much *injured* and defaced, and the receipts of the house much injured, not only as a loss to myself, but the benefits of several performers, by such means, curtailed of their daily bread. Decency, attended with politeness and good manners, it will not admit of a doubt, are as requisite at the playhouse as in a church; and whoever, by word or action, makes use of inde-

cent expressions, or offers insults at either, can never be termed or esteemed as a gentleman, much less he who hurts the ear by such language as would be indecent in a brothel, and thinks with oaths to bear the matter out :—Indeed, (as Congreve observes) they may plead error in judgment as a defence of their practice,

Where modesty's ill manners, 'tis but fit
That impudence and malice pass for wit.

Were our sovereign to witness the behaviour of such *gentlemen*, as when sick from a load of wine discharging it in a stage-box—jumping on the stage, because a bet had been laid over a bottle that it should be done, and singing “God save the King,” during the *time* of a *principal scene* of a play, thereby interrupting the performance, and insulting the sober part of the audience, as well as the actors and actresses, alarming the ladies, and by such means rendering themselves lower than the *meanest* person at that time in the theatre, I am fully persuaded that his majesty, would not thank such heroes for their *compliment*, but on the contrary shrink with horror from such a spectacle ; as he would certainly wish for every credit of good behaviour from those who wear cockades in their hats, and who should by noble demeanor and courtesy (characteristics of gentlemen) be promoters and establishers of the public

peace in his majesty's theatre,—not the levellers of all order and the infusers of discord, with intended enmity and even cruelty to the performers:—The word *cruelty* is too true, and an epithet I am truly mortified to use; but certainly to call out,—“Send on *the women!*”—to *strike* a hat in an *actor's face*, when he was explaining that there were not performers at that time in the theatre who could sing “Rule Britannia,” they all having left it except himself and the other actor in the farce, there being only two men in the entertainment, and neither of them knowing the words of the song, made it impossible they could be obeyed. This happened at the beginning of the third act of “Edgar and Emmeline;” but the first riot that night commenced between the play and the entertainment for “God save the King;” and though the *audience* had sung it, content did not follow; for have it sung again they would, by performers; and on two of the gentlemen of the theatre coming on the stage to comply with their demands, they called out, “We will have a “trio,” and on came Mr. Sandford, and then Mr. Edwin, dressed for the farce.—Mr. Edwin play'd Edgar, but disguised in a woman's dress under the name of Elfrida, consequently the effect when he appeared in the farce was ruined, and a damp thrown on the entertainment.

To expatiate on the subject I fear can do no good, as the incorrigible are never to be convinced, and to those who are at the trouble of reflection they can only silently lament the want of REFORMATION, the which is most

“DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED.”

Permissively I take the liberty to recommend to the defenders and offenders of good manners, the perusal from page 239 to 247, vol. II. of my Memoirs, where the subject is more fully treated: and, I hope I may, without impertinence or the least injustice or partiality; ask any one of those mighty heroes, whether as volunteers, or as common soldiers, after having undergone the toils of waiting on guard at St. James's and dismissed from duty by the relieve, whether weary or in spirits, (that duty done) would they not, as an inherent right, go to Covent Garden, Westminster, or into the city, or home to sup with their wives and families, or as inclination and as the true liberty of a free-born Briton would naturally dictate, and not remain as an incumbrance to lounge and be idle: For, that duty done, they out of loyalty, surely, would not against all order, outrageously, vehemently, and mischievously, with vociferation, *torture* the tune of “Rule Britannia,” &c. It is not unlikely if they did so in

London, but the watch-house would afford a lulling repose for their truly disordered senses, and might not unaptly be deemed common disturbers, as the box lobby-loungers in London are truly termed, being the pests of a theatre and the bane of all civilized society. And, without an impudent assertion, an actor engaged at his majesty's theatre cannot surely be called, in this happy country, a *slave*; but, as I have observed, should, like the officer or the soldier, be at his full liberty to quit the theatre when he has, to the best of his judgment, finished his duty announced to the public. I shall always suppose so, without wishing for French equality, but the full establishment of the laws and rights of our king and constitution. Such, by the love of appearing as rulers at any theatre or public assembly, may truly be termed the gallant insulters of audiences, by which they draw themselves into scrapes and barefaced disgrace, which they never can get honourably out of. The only consolation for the manager and actors, is, as Colley Cibber has observed, that, such indignities are seldom or *ever* offered by people who are remarkable "for any one good quality*;" as no loyalty, or the word gentleman, can be tacked with truth and propriety with boasted outrage, grossness, and in-

* Memoirs, Vol. II.

decency: And outrageous loyalty-like fanaticism will never conquer properly, but by calm reason, temperance, and good-natured allowance; not the bigotry of torments, or the terrors of the deathly guillotine will prevail, they only make error triumphant. The inconsiderate vanity, occasioned by wine's enfeebling power, is only towering frenzy and distraction: for, as Addison has observed,

“Immoderate *valour* swells into a fault

“And *fear* betrays like danger;

“Better shun them both.”——

I will conclude this truly disagreeable subject with a sincere wish, that no such anecdotes may occur in the present, or in future times to be noted of the Hull Theatre or any other; and I wish the stage looking-glass may be a reflection to teach mankind, as well as actors, what they really are with a pleasing reflected light, such as may cheer, not damp the eye on repeated perusal.

As such seeming boast of loyalty has too truly proved in Edinburgh, Portsmouth, and Sheffield, of fatal consequences, I have received letters and messages, directing me to put a stop to such disgraceful proceedings, and not to suffer persons in a state of inebriety to enter the theatre. But how is that to be accomplished, or me to interfere? It would only make bad worse, and heat and fire animosity and party, which wants quench-

ing, not stirring the flames.—A moment's reflection must convince that such a maxim has the appearance of being improper and vague in the extreme. An audience should (as in London) rise *en masse*, assert their undoubted privilege, and extirpate those upstart dictators of a theatre; indeed such a proper exertion, applied with wisdom and justice, would restore peace and good order, and the Hull playhouse become the residence of safety and politeness, and be ranked as a Bath Theatre, where indecorum or licentiousness never take place.

My imagination is much bewildered with thinking on the words *brother-citizen* and *equality*. I cannot help asking a plain question, as it puzzles me (though no politician) how far those words, accompanied with glorious liberty, are connected, with also (we are told) the open expression of sentiments and freedom of the press. When I read (how far true I know not) this day's Morning Herald, Wednesday Feb. 18, 1795, that citizen Lays (the famous first finger at Paris) was obliged to humiliation for being seen to only walk with the great Barrere; and that three more *citizens* of the Theatre-Egalite, Fusil, Calma, and Dugazon, were obliged to make a recantation, because they had been a year before supporters of Roberespierre. Why, good God! were I honoured with Mr. Pitt's acquaintance (to whom I am an utter

stranger) and Mr. Fox were to be first minister, (which situation he would sustain with wisdom, and talents infinite) am I to be blamed for that honourable former notice from Mr. Pitt (particularly in my situation with the public)? surely no! Mr. Fox would be too noble to regard me the more or less; so I should believe of Mr. Pitt. To Mr. Fox I stand really indebted for his patronage of a play in the race week 1791, at York; for which I here return that gentleman my most sincere and hearty thanks. But still the realized liberty of the French republic, last year, seems a riddle to me; for it must be a strange uncertain equality that can be dependent upon the death or life, the ins or outs of place of this or that particular person, by which the ties of friendship between man and man are to be broken or rivetted.

But alack! alack! in all party matters, and even little family dissensions, how necessary as a superintendant, or master of the chair, is it to suffer that truly friendly divinity, called Mediocrity, to fill it, and be the true beloved exciseman, the universal scrutinizer, gauger and director of nations and men's minds. The frequent changes of states and governments in France, Holland, Corsica, Prussia, &c. have proved lately how new-started heroes fail as to the great end of their ambition, the being immortalized in the Paris Pantheon: Marat and Robespierre, who were

idolized, are in a short space of time despised by their worshippers.—Good God! let cool reason reflect, and see with astonishment how the Jacobins, the directors of that mighty empire, how fallen, how low at this day! A certain proof of the instability of party, and the uncertain fluctuations of the day, week, and year. Indeed these perpetual struggles for power, reminds me of the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal; where it is said:

Phy. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and nobody else will take us.

Smith. Not for politicians, I dare swear for it.

Phy. Let's then no more ourselves in vain bemoan:

We are not safe until we them dethrone.

Uss. 'Tis right:

And since occasion now seems *debonair*,

I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair:

No, I'll take that, and you shall take the other chair.

Bayes. And here the whole state's turn'd quite topsy turvy.

These lines I have here quoted certainly are burlesque; but a whimsical parody does not, in many instances, carry with it a burlesque on the lines alluded to:—Mr. Murphy has remarked for instance (from Pope) when,

“ Old Edward's armour beams on Clobber's breast.”

“It is, without, doubt an object ridiculous enough; but then, I think, it falls neither on old king *Edward*, nor his *armour*, but on his *armour-bearer*.”

And now, my patient fellow-companion, whose temper, whether good, bad, or indifferent, has been well tired and much fatigued, and I am sure you wish me to drop the curtain for the Hull season, and get to rest, as his or her business requires; for, as Hamlet says, “Every man has business and desires, such as they are.” But how is it possible to make a grand close, unless the entertainment is performed and finished, and whether, as the last effect, the public accepted, approved, or were dissentients. Why then be it made known to all my readers, and the public at Hull in particular, that a fracas, recent in memory, occurred at that place.

The childish behaviour of many of the performers, on account of Mr. Cherry’s new-fangled pantomime at Hull, February, 1794, (the account of which has been given at full) would, I sanguinely hoped, have cured any attempt of similarity of spleen, even to the ridiculous, so early again to rear its head as in Feb. 1795:—But facts are stubborn things, and it would not be wise, politic, or candid to have noticed the one so very particularly, and have left the other bustle entirely with-

out observation; tho' I confess, that I am ashamed to blur my history with such a piece of patch-work insignificance at my finish; a period that should end with pleasure, profit, glory, and honour: yet the fates ordained it otherwise. But to use mere matter and no art, I will come to the point.

Mr. Edwin proposed for his benefit, the getting up a kind of *whimsical mixture*, called *Valentine and Orson*. Now before I enter on the merits or demerits of the insurgents that unexpectedly started up, and of course wanted quelling, I will take this opportunity to give a *Recipe* for ignorant or wiser heads to fully comprehend what makes a good pantomime mixture:—I have often had my doubts how to make it, but have had my understanding cleared from Covent Garden theatre, 1794-5, and bring the Morning Herald as a voucher for my authenticity. The good ingredients are rare and valuable, and require great study and attention to prepare the process; but when well mingled, it is wonderful the effects on the animal spirits, as thus:

INFUSE

A Rumpus in the Dark:

Too many Irons in the Fire:

Humours of the Whirligig:

The Ups and Downs of Life:

Harlequin in the Dumps :

*Battle of Wigs, Shoes, Cabbages, Cucumbers,
Ribbons, and Ram's Horns :*

The Devil in the Milk Pail :

How to kick up a Dust :

Clown in the Pig Styre :

*Forget and forgive, with All's well that ends
well.*

HUZZA!

Covent Garden!—There, there's for you!

So if that wont do, I will bid farewell to the stage for ever.—“Why,” says a shrewd reader, “all this is nonsense!”—Granted:—but as Sir John English says,—“Yea, it is nonsense; but it is vastly “pretty.”—But I must (as a test for my Harlequin RUMPUS, dark or in the light at Hull) proceed with the information, that when Mr. Edwin brought his Pantomime to me, and with naming how he could wish to have it performed,—on looking over Mr. Edwin's *wished-for* cast, (for truth must here, as an historian be strictly adhered to) I observed that a principal actress in the company (Mrs. Jerman) was honoured with the title of Princess, and all the ladies, court-attendants or humble servants, were all allotted something to do in the various departments wanted to fill; and strange as true to relate as credible, that even the first places at court did not meet with eagerness

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for possession, but all preferred, when put to the test, their own humble citizen equality and fraternizing; they would not attend King Pepin's court, but formed a Jacobin club in opposition. I observed to Mr. Edwin, that unless Mrs. Edwin would assist in her own proper person, to aid what was intended entirely to serve her own income, I could not, nor would not, enforce any edict on other actresses; for I thought it had the appearance of too much *hauteur*, and marking the other ladies as inferior, in a manner so flagrant, as must inevitably occasion disgust and refusals, and those refusals should not be censured, but would be attended with proper natural right of pride and propriety. However Mrs. Edwin, like other *fine* ladies, did not like to be advised or directed, but left all the affair to the management of her husband, who was to dictate it to *any other person* as he pleased.

To begin:—The *crown*, as King Pepin, was offered to Mr. Penon—(who is not at all wanting in *self-consequence*, but possesses that shining quality to a great, and, at times, in a most visible, degree); which he, like Cæsar, when presented the third time, still obstinately persisted in the refusal.

I cannot forbear hinting, that I fear some little unguarded behaviour of the moment, at the early part of the season from Mr. Edwin, was the ground-work for such unyielding conduct.—Mr.

Edwin, some time previous, asked Mr. Southgate to assist in his pantomime, to the which application Mr. Southgate replied, "Ay, my dear boy, any thing!" but when the time appointed came, and the *Green Man* (a fighting Bob) was offered Mr. Southgate, he refused it, and urged, (I believe with truth) that the tournament required, (for want of practice) would be too weighty a task for his strength to encounter: To that remonstrance I yielded, and that valiant champion was allotted young Mr. Mills, who engaged in the furious conflict with Mr. Edwin and Mr. Michell, as Valentine and Orson: The trio was encountered with amazing intrepidity, and (according to the modern and the ancient phrases) each performed prodigies of valour, notwithstanding, at the rehearsal, Harry Mills had nearly lost his thumb in the practice.—Poh! that was a trifle! the greater the danger, the more the honour and the glory. But still the throne was empty.—No King Pepin either to guide our councils, or reward the combatants; for Mr. Southgate turned as savage as the wild Orson, and would not accept of kingly dignity.—He and Mr. Penfon both urged, that for a shilling any supernumerary out of the street might do as well; and Mr. Penfon not only said that a supernumerary might do, but by his accepting of so insignificant a part, *his reputation*, as to consequence, would be ruined throughout

the three kingdoms! To such conceited, pompous, puffed-up argument I cannot submit, and for two reasons; supernumeraries (without considering expence and the inconvenience of teaching, &c.) cannot understand the business of the scene; besides, if they could, and did, where are they to find what we actors on the stage call *properties*, accoutrements, &c. which the actors, with propriety, would not lend, and without which King Pepin and others must appear lean and beggarly, and even the manager's decorative shapes, &c. would be refused by that very Mr. Penfon, Mr. Southgate, and every other performer, if wanted the ensuing night, as not worthy to be worn, because the dress or dresses had been used the preceding evening by vulgar stage-keepers, stage-guards, &c.—Now here the reader will readily perceive that I was a reduced general, goaded by surrounding and perplexing difficulties; and by such dilemma experienced, that my army was not all sound and true; my guards were *tainted*; consequently Mr. Edwin could not have suppressed the breasts of many other discontents, had I not, for example sake, (though ill) forsaken my fire-side and juleps in that severe stormy weather, and accepted the neglected crown of King Pepin: If I had not taken that resource, Mr. Edwin could not have had his promised entertainment performed, for

the refusers would have walked with pleasure behind the scenes, and delighted in seeing me in such a predicament:—Indeed, but for one person, I may relate with truth, that if the entertainment was to be done, (whether good or bad is not the question) there was no other possible mode with decency, or keeping the rest of the troop to their duty, and rest on their arms. Here my readers will perceive, that equality and obedience are not so strictly at the nod of managerial influence as is generally supposed:—Not but it is indispensable to remark the steadiness of a veteran and respected officer in my service, named *Cummins*, who, on hearing of the ridiculous and unexpected affray, not only sent, but waited on me even to solicitation, to beg, that whilst he had two legs and able to walk, he might be the said King Pepin. But as I had accepted the regal dignity, and had very properly forfeited Mr. Southgate's week's salary, I judged it my duty, in a political and in an honourable view, to perform my personal attendance to receive my court.—When the curtain dropped, whether the audience were pleased or the contrary I know not on that evening, February 12, 1795, of that the public are to judge, nor has it any thing to do with the foolish controversy, but trust that *my* fame in the three *kingdoms* (were it of the utmost importance) will not be *lessened* by wearing the crown as King

Pepin. Thus ended the Hull season, not profitably; but it would have proved so had the receipts been equal to the last year 1794; but they were 200l. less: Which unlucky circumstance, I fear, may truly be ascribed to the frequent unthinking riotous behaviour that too often occurred, which, of course, was disagreeable to every one, and a terror to all ladies unfortunately nervously affected. Happy age, when the late duchess of Bedford declared that her predominant star was so lucky as to have her born before nerves were in fashion!

Adieu for this season to hospitable Hull, and now only one jaunt more, and, good fellow-traveller, we will part; but say you, the roads are bad, the wind whistles, and it is cold; why, never mind, it is but this once—Presto, pass! See! see! lo! how quick here we are arrived at York, all dismal, a mournful theatre, mournful streets! A dreary prospect even for my spring season, the assizes falling so unfortunately by the judge going first to Lancaster, that when he comes to York, the *second week* (with a promised prospect of a crowded town) the theatre must be shut, as it falls in Passion Week; and to make that worse, instead of being at York, as usual, on the Saturday to open his commission, it does not happen this year till Tuesday, March 24; so that I lose not only my principal play-night, (as the company will

not be in) but the Wednesday will be the Assembly, Friday the great Concert,—all the world will be there,—and I shall only have Thursday and Saturday, March 26 and 28, to repair my inconceivable losses, and playing to 7l. 10s. and 12l. per night, and that at great expences.

Now the loss of a public week is of truly infinite consequence to me, as it is not in the round of theatrical variety from Fortune's lap to give me another.—Suppose an order from the Lord Chamberlain to close the York theatre on the race-week, with permission to open the Monday following; why, it would be like a physician coming too late to a poisoned patient when *past* all hope, all help, all cure.—I do not mean to be here understood that I would ignorantly insinuate the business of the nation is to be appointed sooner or later because I have a theatre at York; by no means, I have no such impertinent assurance, but my philosophy is shook by so unfortunate an event for me, my family, and the company; and I wish for a little present sympathy and comfort in what to me is seriously a real misfortune and affliction; For, if I am deprived of the means by war, pestilence, or famine, I cannot pay unless I do receive; and want is a companion I do not wish to see or feel. But, without lamentations, or affecting to laugh at what is no joke, I will hasten to my journey's end, wishing that my

abilities in the comic or the serious, or the whimsical, or the caricature, were better able to have afforded more worthy entertainment, as well for my own sake as for the pastime of my patrons and perusers. Not but that I sit down contented as I am, rather than possess the abilities and acuteness of *Peter Pindar*; and my reason for that self-consolation is, without compliment, that I really judge, had I possessed his education, with his uncommon superiority of abilities, it would not have been possible to have lowered such an extensive mind to a probability of ever being in the least degree entertained by any other person or persons as by myself; and though a walking fund of entertainment, like Falstaff, who not only has wit in himself, but creates it in others, yet still, I think, I could not have relished any conversation but self to have made me happy. Therefore I will wrap myself in my cloak of stupidity, and be as cheerful and contented as the times, and the pockets of the public will let me; for to both I fix a longing eye, knowing no parties, but wishing *every individual* to enjoy peace and happiness as well as myself, whether a royalist, a religionist, a terrorist, a moderate, or any other title that the age and fashion may bestow on different men, parties, or sects.

I am just now thinking, that, in my present perplexities, I might revive, with the utmost propriety,

in this combined unfortunate juncture, "A Play-house to be Let; or, the Manager in Distress." &c. I do not like to whine, but when pressed and almost pinched to the bone, courage fails and nature trembles. This wonderful change cannot be entirely attributed to the unfortunate war, as London, Newcastle, Bath, Hull, and many other towns, during their seasons, have given evident proofs to the contrary: No, it is owing to the York theatre not being thought of as a place for fashionable amusement; for York this winter 1795, is much better sprinkled with genteel visitants than I have known it for many winters back. But as encouragement retreats, a bad set of players must be the consequence, or a dismissal of all, as their existence depends chiefly on the profits arising from benefit nights; and soldiers will not fight, nor players act, without expecting a reward for services. Theatres, like taxes, are pretty amusement for small talk over a *conversatione*, but when the day of payment comes, it places (with usurpation) poverty and despair as intruding visitants at the table, which displaces pleasant friends and plenty at the social board:—But what are riches? Perishable commodities, when compared to a mind in poverty, for there is a consolation in the following—

"When lands and goods are gone and spent!

"Then *reading* is most excellent!

L. 5

I must admit that, added to various concomitant misfortunes this winter attending the theatre, that death and universal illness has spread terror over the whole city, as I do not know any one family that has been in perfect health.

Pray God smiling peace may soon restore reason, wealth, and happiness to the king, people, the constitution, and the world at large. The disasters and contentions of the times, and the ill combination of this and last year's fatal calamities, bring to my mind most forcibly, the following lines from Shakspeare, and I doubt not but every reader will highly approve their insertion:—

I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Amongst the thorns and dangers of this world.—
Now for the bare-picked bone of Majesty
Doth dogged War bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of Peace:
Now *powers from home*, and *discontents at home*,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested Pomp.
How happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.

A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

I just take a minute to inform the reader, that Mr. LEE LEWIS (well known in London as an actor of respectable talents, and equally received

with approbation in Scotland and Ireland) is engaged at the York theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 24 and 25, and I augur with success and applause. More cannot here be said relative to that gentleman, as this work will have received its finishing stroke from the press by that date.

And now, kind travelling companion, for such I hope and trust you are, thanks for your patience, and if, with my prittle prattle, I have here and there been so happy as to entertain, I am truly gratified; where I have erred I plead forgiveness, and am certain that is the only reward I can or shall expect for my time and the peruser's (I fear) exhausted temper. If we take the zig-zag travelling, with the here, the there and every where, from town to town, and city to city, we have gone, ideally, some thousands of miles to-gether: So accept my wishes that happiness may attend you through life, whether by sea or by land.

This appears to me an awful moment, as I here speak to the world as a last farewell. Garrick, when he took leave of the stage shed tears; I do not wonder at it, for when all little heats and animosities are over, the hearts of the public glow with gratitude, good wishes, and affection towards an old servant; and Garrick's heart must have felt the same sensations. "Ay, but" an

observer will say, "he had been sufficiently rewarded by applauding millions, and retired with a large fortune to enjoy ease, his great chair, and pleasure at will." Granted;—but all that, without health and spirits, what avails it:—had he been as amply provided for at the age of forty, the pang of farewell might not have touched his feelings so poignantly; for observe, Mr. Garrick was then sixty, and that thrust not being to be parried, truly affected his feelings and passions, because he augured his farewell to this life was near approaching: that was the true urgent motive that occasioned that mournful parting. So, now with me, it is not the parting with my muse of fire or water that grieves me, but being advanced into my fifty-sixth year, enfeebled with lameness and a flimsy habit of body, I perceive the *real* ghastly phantom, with quick steps attending my adieu of ceremony to my readers; consequently, I here feel afflicted, affectionate and trembling, when I say *farewell*! but the word is said, and the difficult ceremony is over.

But on all solemnities great personages, on the day of trial, must muster all the man within; and since what must be, must be, let necessity supply the place of time and preparation, and arm me for the blow.

It is related of the Duke of Clarence, in the reign of Edward IV. that he chose to make his

exit in a hoghead of Madeira ; and as parting is a melancholy theme, I will instantly, in my present stupor, arouse my faculties with a bumper of the said liquor, as a health to all my *friends*, and the public at large—'Tis done !—it has gone down with a zest !—O, I am comforted !—And now with gratitude, and respectful regard, for all indulgences and errors, with every good will and wish for my brethren, praying for the success of theatres and universal patronage, with improving sense and wit on the stage, and good humour and lenity, with proper correction to keep the actors from being allowed to disgrace themselves, by never forgetting where they are, and the characters they represent, I remain to all and every one,

their most devoted, faithful,

honoured, and much obliged :

humble servant,

TATE WILKINSON,

“Who adds to blockheads past one blockhead more.”

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two first RELICS here published, and presented to the public, were once the property of the late much-admired author and wit, SAMUEL FOOTE; the third was written for Mr. Beard, by DAVID GARRICK.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE TWO NEW RELICS here published
and presented to the public, were once
the property of the late much-admired
and celebrated Samuel Foote; the third
is a letter from Mr. Foote to David

GARRICK.

THE
SECOND ACT

OF

Diversions of the Morning,

AS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, 1758-9.

Dramatis Personae.

PUZZLE,	-	-	Mr. WILKINSON.
FREELOVE,	-	-	Mr. HOLLAND.
MANLY,	-	-	Mr. BURTON.
PROPMTER,	-	-	Mr. CROSS.
CRAMBO,	-	-	Mr. BLAKES.

PLAYERS by several of the Company.

BOUNCE was omitted the night of May 14; but when **Mr. FOOTE** acted **PUZZLE**, **BOUNCE** was performed by **Mr. WILKINSON**.

DIVERSIONS OF THE MORNING.

ACT II*.

SCENE—THE PLAY-HOUSE.

Enter PUZZLE, followed by PROMPTER.

Puzzle.

A TRUCE to your impertinence! I tell you I am above law.

Prompt. Why, Sir, 'twas but last night I heard a goodish-looking well-dress'd man, that sat in the next box at the porter-house, affirm, that to his knowledge, if you proceeded to exhibit, you and your pupils would be all sent to Bridewell.

Puz. So much the better;—the ministry will then interpose: They who are now pursuing in every point the public good, can't refuse to patronize my plan. But this is all stuff;—the idle rumour of the day.—Is there any body without?

Prompt. All the pupils, Sir,—and Mr. Crambo, the poet.

Puz. It is strange that man won't take an answer!—I'll despatch him first—Shew him in.

Prompt. Mr. Crambo.

* LADY PENTWEEZLE, from "Taste," was altered for the first act, and performed that year, 1757-9, by Mr. FOOTE and Mr. WILKINSON, but is here omitted, as it is printed in Mr. Foote's works.

Enter CRAMBO.

Puz. Why, I told you, Mr. What-d'ye-call-em, that I exhibit no pieces but my own—Why will you——

Cram. It is very hard; I am sure I write to the present taste.

Puz. Then it is not worth twopence. The present taste is abominable, corrupt. To correct, that is part of my plan.—Are you answered?

Cram. Then all my hopes are vanish'd! here have I been a scene-dangler for these thirty years, and my writings constantly refus'd by every manager, of every theatre.

Puz. There's something in that; have you shewn 'em this?

Cram. All, Sir.

Puz. And what was their judgment?

Cram. Plump against me.

Puz. I don't dislike that.—Is it a tragedy or a comedy?

Cram. A deep tragedy, Sir.

Puz. What's your title?

Cram. Bungy.

Puz. There's novelty in that.—There's salt in Bungy.—What's your subject?

Cram. I'll read the argument.

Puz. No, give it me. Very few authors can read their own works.—[*Reads*]—"Marc Anthony, Julius Cæsar, Pompey the Great, and Peter Reynolds."—Peter Reynolds?

Cram. That's my English character. I have mixed him with the Romans, to shew the superiority of the ancients compar'd with the moderns.

Puz. That's well conceiv'd. But to proceed—
 “and Peter Reynolds, are all inflam'd with love of
 “the Princess Maudlin, she burns with an equal
 “ardour for them; for being bred up in a state of
 “innocence, she thinks she may, without offending
 “the rules of modesty, love the whole four; which
 “she does accordingly, with a becoming warmth of
 “passion.”

Cram. There rises my distress.

Puz. Eminently mournful, and highly natural, upon my honour, Mr. Crambo.

Cram. But what I chiefly pique myself upon, is the propriety and unity of my characters; for while my heroes are ransacking all nature for lofty similes for the princess, see how natural and characteristic is Mr. Reynolds's comparison.

Puz. [*Reads*].—“Oh! what a lord mayor's feast of joy art thou!

“Thy face is venison, and thy neck white veal,
 “And all thy other parts, are beef and pudding!”

Cram. Sir, I make him compare his mistress with the things he is known to love best.

Puz. True.—Beef and pudding!—A happy conceit.—I am infinitely pleas'd with the subject and characters, and make no doubt but I shall be equally charm'd with your conduct. I am sorry we can't give it a reading at present. In the evening you

may command me: In the interim take this as my firm opinion—my cool deliberate judgment; that your piece has more of the true veritable pathos, than any tragedy I have seen these ten years.

Cram.—You comfort me.—And you'll bring it out?

Puz. It is my interest.

Cram. Your obliged and devoted.—Will you have a letter wrote to you on your new project?—or a copy of commendatory verses in one of the Journals?

Puz. By and bye, it mayn't be amiss. In the mean time, the run of my kitchen and a sop in the pan, when I roast, you may command.

Cram. It shan't cost you a farthing.—Sir, your most obedient servant. [Exit Crambo.]

Puz. That's a genius!—Call in the players.

Prompt. Walk in, gentlemen.

Enter PLAYERS.

Puz. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to excel in your several parts.—But there are some new candidates.—What are you, sock or buskin?

Upp. Shoes and boots, Sir.

Puz. What!

Prom. He is the shoemaker, from Cranbourn-Alley.

Puz. Oh! I beg his pardon.—Honest Master Upperleather.

Upp. At your service.

Puz. And what, you are ambitious!—Nothing but a truncheon!—Tragedy, I suppose!

Upp. Yes.—I likes that best.

Puz. Can you read?

Upp. I could, when I came from the charity-school, near as well as my master: but I believe I have almost forgot.

Puz. Try —— [*Holds a book open to him.*]

Upp. “Now are our bones broke with victories.”

Puz. Often very true, in fact.—But not exact to the letter. However, I like your ignorance, you’ll have the less to unlearn.—Come, gentlemen, now range yourselves to the right and left:—

Enter MANLY and FREELOVE.

Ha! Mr. Freeloze! I am your devoted servant; you find me in the hurry of business; in the midst of my nursery.

Free. May your plants prosper!—I have brought this gentleman, no slender critic, I assure you, Mr. Puzzle, to wonder at your art.

Puz. He does me honour.—Hum!—in its infancy—its riper days may perhaps claim attention.

Man. I am no stranger to your talents.

Puz. I think it will do.—And should we fail here, I intend to write a treatise on elocution, and read lectures to both universities*.—But to our business:—Range yourselves to the right and left;—be silent and attentive.—I first lay down some general

* Mr. Sheridan was then giving lectures.

rules for the proper expression of the passions;—you will afterwards discern their particular applications. Take care; erect your heads, and project your chests.—Very well.—Now for the deportment of the hands.—You can't but have observed how often they embarrass the actor, gentlemen: Sometimes here, sometimes there, in short, eternally in the way.—[*The players exercise**.]—First—Invocation, “*Tendens ad sidera palmas.*”——Distinction; the pointed finger.—Now, anger; the clinch'd fist for rage.—Total relaxation, dilapidation, &c. for sorrow.—Very well!—Now for a general disposition. Erect your heads; clench your fists; throw your heads upon your left shoulders; start, and to the left about.—Exceedingly well! A fine expression of anger!—Now your grief; drop your heads; strike your breasts; dilate your jaws, and to the right about.—Very well!—Drop your jaw a little lower.—[*One of the players extends his mouth very wide.*]—Zounds! I must raise that man's salary to stop his mouth.—Now for an application of these rules to a particular part.—Advance, Bounce; take a turn or two;—there's a well-formed figure, fall of shoulders, and fine features. He shall treat you with a rant in Othello †; you will there judge of

* The actors move all together, as directed.

† The scene between Puzzle and Bounce was meant as mimicry of Macklin's teaching Barry Othello.

his powers. Begin at "Othello's occupation's gone." Now catch at me, as if you would tear the very strings and all. Keep your voice low—loudness is no mark of passion.—Mind your attitude.

Boun. Villain——

Puz. Very well!

Boun. Be sure you prove my love a whore——

Puz. Admirable!

Boun. Be sure on't——

Puz. Bravo!

Boun. Give me the ocular proof——

Puz. Lay your emphasis a little stronger upon
occ—occ—occ——

Boun. Occ—occ—ocular proof——

Puz. That's right!

Boun. Or by the worth of my eternal soul,
Thou had'st better been born a dog——

Puz. Grind dog—a d—o—o—g, Iag——

Boun. A do—og, Iago, than answer my wak'd
wrath.

Puz. Charming!—Now quick——[*Speaking all
the time.*]

Boun. Make me to see it, or at least so prove it,
That the probation bears no hinge or loop,
To hang a doubt on;—or wo——

Puz. A little more terror upon woe—wo-o-e,
like a mastiff in a tanner's yard—wo-o-o-e——
[*They answer each other—wo-o-o-e, &c.*]

Boun. Upon thy life.
If thou dost slander her, and torture me——

Puz. [*Pushing him away*].—Oh! go about your business—'twont do—go, go—I am sorry I have given you this trouble.

Boun. Why, Sir, I——

Free. Oh! pray Mr. Puzzle, let me intercede for him.

Puz. [*As Mr. Macklin*].—Zounds, Sir! do you consider the mode of the mind, that a man's soul is tost, and lost, and crost, and his entrails broiling on a gridiron.—Bring it from the bottom of your stomach with a grind—as to—r—rr——

Boun. Torr—rture me——

Puz. That's my meaning.

Boun. Never pray more; abandon all remorse——

Puz. Now out with your arm, and shew your chest.—There's a figure!

Boun. On horror's head——

Puz. Now, out with your voice.

Boun. Horrors accumulate——

Puz. Now tender.

Boun. Do deeds to make heav'n weep——

Puz. Now, terror,

Boun. All earth amaz'd!—For no thing canst thou to damna——

Puz. Grind na—na, na, na, tion——

Boun. Na, na, na, tion add greater than that.

Puz. Now, throw me from you, and I'll yield.—Very well, keep that attitude.—Your eye fix'd.—There's a figure; there's a contrast.—His majestic rage, and my timorous droop—um—"are you a

man, have you a soul or sense."—Stay, stay, this will never do—we must think of some mechanical means to keep your fire alive; such as whispering to yourself, oh! ah! bitch! hell! &c.

Boun. [*Repeats after him*]—Ob! ah! bitch! bell! &c.

Puz. That's the mode of the mind.—For if you observe the physical operations of nature, and the moral agency of the passions; when the soul is so far analyzed, as that the corporeal is entirely swallow'd by the intellectual; why then the organical powers, are, as it were, stagnated: For stagnation I define to be a total absence or secession, so that the—I am amaz'd—[*in imitation of Mr. Macklin.*] how d'ye like him?

Free. Under so able an instructor he cannot fail.

Puz. Oh! this is nothing! I have, Mr. Freelove, more imagination, than I know how to employ; more exquisite conceptions than I know how to be deliver'd of—This!—why this is nothing; this Sir, is but a small part of my intention.

Free. What else, good Sir?

Puz. Why in this cockpit, in this little round O, I intend to encircle all that can please and entertain. Burlettas, plays, lectures, bears, beasts, dancing dogs, and puppetshews.

Man. Puppetshews!

Puz. Ay, Sir.

Man. How d'ye contrive that?

Puz. That's the mystery.—Guess—

Man. Faith I can't.

Puz. Then I'll tell you.—Why, as puppets are, you know, calculated to represent men and women; I make men and women imitate puppets.

Free. A most ingenious device.

Puz. Is it not? I think we shall be even with the little gentry.—But still I see a cloud of doubt upon your brow, to remove that take a short specimen of my intentions.

[*Here the PUPPETS.*]

Man. Was there ever such a coxcomb?

Free. Never.—He is lively though—

Man. Come Freelove, let's march; I am satisfied.

Free. No, let's have 'em all.—Upon my word, Mr. Puzzle, this is a masterpiece of invention.

Puz. Oh! mine is an olio: Something to be found that will hit every taste. For those who don't like pork, we have partridge.

Free. But your burletta; how is that brought about, Sir?

Puz. Oh! I have subjects in every science.—Without!—Prompter! are the burletta-people in waiting?

Prompt. Not come, Sir!—

Puz. Why then call WILKINSON:—He shall give his imitations.

Prompt. He is not in the house, Sir.

Puz. No!—What not in the way to give his imitations! He is very negligent. But to prevent dis-

appointment in the entertainment, I will give them myself.*

[*Imitations, &c. here, and a conversation scene, as*
FOOTE.]

Puz. That's unlucky.—But as all their materials are derived from me, I can give you a sketch of their execution.

Free. In what language?

Puz. Why, as we have already, heav'n be prais'd! nonsense enough in our own language, I intend confining that to the original—Italian.

Man. It won't be understood.

Puz. Did you ever know nonsense that was?—A smart remark that of yours.—

Enter PROMPTER who whispers PUZZLE.

Puz. The devil!

Prompt. This instant, Sir, the clerk waits for you.

Puz. A most mortifying interruption gentlemen.—I am immediately summons'd before their worships, at Westminster, with severe threats if I proceed to execute my intended plan. Damn'd hard tho', that poison should be allowed free vent at Sadlers' Wells† and Islington, and an embargo laid on sound sense and satire at Drury-Lane.

* Here Mr. WILKINSON in the character of Mr. FOOTE, PUZZLE, gave an imitation of Mr. FOOTE and Mrs. CLIVE. Mr. and Mrs. CADWALLADER, and other characters, w filled up more than a quarter of an hour.

† At Sadlers' Wells (at that period) a pint of wine or punch was allowed every auditor.

Free. Severe indeed!

Puz. However, I shall trespass upon their patience for a quarter of an hour, to give you a hint of my burletta.

[*Here the BURLETTA.*]

Puz. Gentlemen your servant; if you can stay half an hour, I will see you again; if not, "report me and my cause aright."
[*Exit Puzzle.*]

Free. Poor devil!—Are you satisfied Manly, or shall we wait his return?

Man. No, I have enough.—But you have mis'd your aim, Freelove; I am no proselyte to your pleasures, I long for my Sabine field: And when so distinguished a genius as Mr. Puzzle, suffers persecution, I may say with the descendant of the great Censor,

"The post of honour is a private station."

THE END.

THE
TRIAL
OF
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.
FOR A LIBEL
ON PETER PARAGRAPH.

PERFORMED AT
THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET, 1763.

WRITTEN BY MR. FOOTE.

PRINTED FROM HIS OWN HAND-WRITING.

CHARACTERS.

THE JUDGE - - - Mr. LEWIS, sen.
COUNSELLOR DEMUR, }
 (against Foote) } Mr. FOOTE.
COUNSELLOR QUIRK, Mr. KENNEDY.
Mr. FOOTE, - - - Mr. FOOTE.

SCENE IN DUBLIN,—IN THE FOUR COURTS.

The same in Dublin as the Court of King's Bench in London. Mr. Foote (when retired from the Court) slipped off the Counsellor's wig and gown, and appeared as himself.

TRIAL, &c.

SCENE—AS IN FULL COURT ON TRIAL.

First JUDGE, COUNSEL, LAWYERS, &c. &c.

Stage full.

Demur. **M**Y Lord, I am Counsel against this Mr. Foote, and a pretty sort of a parson this Fot is every inch of him.—[*coughs*].—You may say that—whee, hee, hee, [*as a deep cough*].—but I should be glad to know what kind of right now this Fot has to be any body at all but himself; indeed, my Lord, I look upon it that he may be indicted for forgery, whee—hee, hee. [*coughing*].—Every body knows that it is forgery to take off a man's hand; and why not as bad to take off a man's leg; besides, my Lord, it concerns *yourself—yourself**, for, God willing, I don't despair in a little time of *seeing* your Lordship on the stage. A pretty sort of a business this, that your Lordship is to be taken off the bench, there where you are sitting, without your knowing any thing *at all at all* of the matter, and all the while that, to your thinking, you are passing sentence here in the four courts, you may, for what you can tell, be hearing causes in the Haymarket.—So that, Gentlemen of the Jury, if you have a mind to keep yourselves to yourselves,

* A mode of expression peculiar to the Irish; as, "I don't mind it faith, at all at all."

and not to suffer any body else to be you but yourselves, and your Lordship does not choose to be in London whilst you are living in Dublin, you will find the prisoner *Fot* guilty.

Judge. I agree entirely with my brother Demur, that this *Fot* is a most notorious offender, and ought to be taken measure of, and taught how dangerous a thing it is for him to tread upon other people's toes; and so, as my brother observes, to prevent his being so free with other people's legs, we will lay him by the heels.

Quirk. My Lord, I move to quash this indictment, as irregular and totally void of precision.—It is there said that said *Fote* did, by force of *arms*, imitate the *lameness*, &c. of said Paragraph. — Now as we conceive this imitation could not be executed by the *arms* but the *legs* only, we apprehend the laying out *legs* and putting in *arms* corrupts and nullifies said indictment.—

Demur. Fye, brother Quirk, the precedents are all quite clane against you; *vide* Serjeant Margin's Reports, chap. ix. page 42, line 6, *Magra* against *Murg* — *Magra* was indicted for assaulting, by force of arms, said *Murg*, by giving him a kick in the breech, and it was held good.

Judge. Where, brother Demur?

Demur. Chap. ix. page 42, line 6. *Magra* against *Murg*!

Judge. *Magra* against *Murg*.

Demur. And in the same book, notwithstanding the same objection, *Phelim O'Flannagan*, for the

murder of his wife, was found guilty of manslaughter.

Quirk. My Lord——

Judge. You are, brother, out of season in your objection; you are too early, we will first find the traverser guilty of the indictment, and then we will consider if the indictment is good for any thing or not.

Demur. Yes, that is the rule; that is the law, every word of it.

Quirk. I submit.

Demur. Now we will proceed to fix the fact upon Fot;—call Dermot O'Dirty.—This is a little bit of a Printer's Devil.

Quirk. We object to this witness.

Demur. Why so?

Quirk. He was convicted last Trim Assizes of perjury, and condemned to whipp'd.

Judge. And was he whipp'd?

Quirk. No, my Lord, he ran away from the goaler.

Judge. Is he in Court?

Demur. Yes.

Judge. Why, in his present state, O'Dirty is doubtless an incompetent witness, for not having suffered the law. The books aver he can *not* be believed; but in order to restore his credit at once—here goaler, take Dermot O'Dirty into the street, flog him handsomely, he will, by that means, become *rectus in curia*, and his testimony be admitted of course.

Demur. Ay, that is the law.—I have often known the truth whipp'd out of a man, but your Lordship has found the way to flog it into him again.—

Judge. True, brother; I would not give two-pence to try an innocent man unless a Jury could be found to bring him in guilty. An able Magistrate should have all the properties of a thorough-bred hound, be a good finder, a staunch pursuer, and a keen killer; for the great duty of a Judge is to punish; and I am never so *well pleased* as when I am *doing my duty*.

Demur. Oh! I know it, my Lord, you are a worthy magistrate: Why, your Lordship is likely to have a great deal of pleasure this sessions, there is a large list of prisoners, I hear.

Judge. Yes, brother—And, Heaven be praised, a good many for capital crimes; I think, brother, if I have any luck, I shall be be able to hang ten or a dozen.

Demur. Ay!

Judge. Ay; besides larcenies and other offences. Why, I don't despair, God willing, to give this Fot a very good flogging.

Demur. Indeed! Why your Lordship will grow as a fat as pig; but I believe, my Lord, you have entirely lost one great branch of your business.

Judge. I am sorry for that, brother, what can that be?

Demur. Treason.—By my saoul his Majesty's subjects all like their young master so well that I

don't believe you can find a traitor in all his dominions *.

Judge. Oh! I shall be no great loser by that, the Irish have always been so obstinately loyal, that that branch never brought any business to the bench; but proceed.

Quirk. I am instructed, my Lord, by my client, to move to put off this trial for want of a witness.

Judge. I cannot consent to that.

Quirk. We conceive this to be a natural right.

Judge. In common cases, such as a rape or a murder, it is never *deny'd*; but this is a *libel* and to be considered as a very heinous offence; nay, I question very much whether it does not amount to a nuisance, and fall under the legal description of a dunghill.

Demur. It is bad enough, to be certain; but, however, if the prisoner will give security, my Lord, that he will remove his dunghill, and not carry any more my client, Peter Paragraph, into company where he is not, why we will consent to put off the trial; and, indeed, he ought to be bound to keep the peace to all his Majesty's subjects, and be forced to be only himself all the while he stays here, but that, I believe, would be rather too hard upon him, for he is so used to put on other people's faces, that I question very much if he has got ever a one of his own.

Judge. Be it so.

* This sketch was acted in the year 1762.

Quirk. Now, my Lord, I move for an information against Peter Paragraph for a libel.

Judge. Upon whom?

Quirk. Upon himself.

Judge. Himself!

Quirk. Ay, for if my client is a libeller for writing the Orators, Peter Paragraph, for printing and publishing it is as guilty as he every whit *.

Judge. Unquestionably.—Take an information against Paragraph for libelling himself.

Demur. How!

Judge. Whilst I sit here I will take care that none of the King's subjects shall take the freedom to libel themselves.

Demur. But he is the prosecutor.

Judge. That may be, brother Demur, but an information is too good a thing not to be given, and I could not help granting it, tho' it was against my father himself.—The Court is adjourned.

[*Exeunt all but Quirk.*]

Quirk. Will you desire Mr. Fot to walk in—Faith I am sorry this affair has taken such a turn.—Where is he?—Oh! you must drop all farther proceedings against Peter.

Mr. Foote. That's hard—I have, Mr. Counsellor, thrown a few couplets together, that, perhaps, may supply that deficiency, and I shou'd be glad of your opinion whether I cou'd speak them with safety.

* It is a whimsical truth, that Mr. George Faulkener actually printed, published, and sold the Orators.

Quirk. Let us have them.

Foot. Hush! let me search, before I speak aloud—

Is no informer skulking in the crowd?
 With art laconic, noting all that's said,
 Malice at heart, indictments in his head;
 Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,
 And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar!
 Is there none such?—Not one?—then *entre nous*,
 I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true;
 The application must be made by you. }
 At Athens once, fair Queen of arms and arts,
 There dwelt a citizen * of moderate parts,
Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books;
Amorous, tho' old; tho' dull, lov'd repartee †;
 And penn'd a paragraph most daintily:
 He aim'd at purity in all he said,
 And never once omitted *eth* or *ed*;
 In *bath* and *doth*, was seldom known to fail,
 Himself the hero of each little tale;
 With wits and Lords this man was much delighted,
 And once (it hath been said) was near being
 knighted.

One Aristophanes (a wicked wit
 Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
 Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
 And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
 Had, from the lumber, cull'd with curious care,
 His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,

* George Faulkener, bookseller.

† The italics were acted in imitation.

His affectation, consequence, and mien,
 And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene;
 Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,
 All felt the satire, for all knew the man.
 Then *Peter*—*Petros* was his classic name,
 Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
 To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
 Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
 The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
 "The case you put I fully understand;
 "The thing is plain from *Cocos's Reports*,
 "For rules of poetry a'n't rules of courts:
 "A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it"—
 A Grecian* constable took up the poet,
 Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
 Called harmless humour scandalous abuse:
 The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
 Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free:
Greece was to him what *Dublin* is to me.
 Now, Sir, your judgment.

Quirk. Why should he make any further attack
 on this occasion.—I think

Solventur risu tabula

Tu missus abibis.

The formal process will be held in sport,
 And you dismiss'd, with credit, from the court.

* The word *Grecian* is an appellation given to the natives of
 Ireland;—for instance, the Grecian Coffee-house in the Temple.

THE END.

A MEDLEY,

WRITTEN

BY DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

FIRST SUNG BY

MR. BEARD, -AT RANELAGH, 1762,

ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT.

h
ons

THE

BY DAVID GARDNER

AND

OF THE

MEDLEY*.

MEDLEY SONG.

YOUR bounty and you,
Can every thing do,
You teach my poor fingering to feel-a.
Your bounty and you,
Can every thing do,
You teach my poor fingering to feel-a ;
You tune up my throat,
You swell every NOTE,
From gamut below up to e-la.

You make me rejoice,
Both in heart and in voice,
Your smiles do my courage so steel-a.
You make me rejoice,
Both in heart and in voice,
Your smiles do my courage so steel-a ;
That your ears I will rack,
I'll stretch till I crack :
That your ears I will rack,
I'll stretch till I CRACK,
From gamut below up to e-la.

* The Medley requiring but very little alteration, I adapted it to the stage, but not being in print, and paying me the compliment of supposing it my own impertinent nonsense, it gave great offence when I gave it at Norwich and York

SONG II.

Tune.—NANCY DAWSON.

PHYSIC and law have a stated price,
 Money you give, and they give you advice,
 All is so pretty, so charming, and nice,
 And thus they return your favour:
 Physic and law have a stated price,
 Money you give, and they give you advice,
 All is so pretty, so charming, and nice,
 And thus they return your favour.

I can only thankful be,
 You can have nothing at all from me,
 But a squeez'd-up feat, and a dish of my tea*,
 And an olio of speeches and quavers.
 I can only thankful be,
 You can have nothing at all from me,
 But a squeez'd-up feat, and a dish of my tea,
 And an olio of speeches and quavers.

SONG III.

Tune.—BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

FIDDLERS strike up,
 Assist, assist, my humble strum;
 Fiddlers strike up,
 Assist, assist, my humble strum:

* At Ranelagh, tea and coffee are included for the half-crown.

MEDLEY.

Scrape, sound and record,
Scrape, sound and record,
Scrape, sound and record,
Scrape, sound and record,
My cheerful thanks
In grateful song.

SONG IV.

I LOVE SUE.

For I love you, and you love me,
And whilst I try to sing,
And you touch the string,
My tweedledum's happy with your tweedledee.

SONG V*.

Tune.—DUMB, DUMB, DUMB.

Now if you think I'm wrong,
In all I've said or sung,
And wish that poor I had been dumb, } Repeat.
dumb, dumb.

Tho' the fish is in the net,
Yet I shall fume and fret,
And tho' I have caught you, be glum, glum, glum.

I therefore beg and pray,
That nothing you will say,
Lest others next year should not come, come, come.

* This song is printed in the Memoirs.

For if like you they're taught,
 They'll not like you be caught,
 And therefore, I pray you all, mum, mum, mum.
 And therefore, I pray you all, mum, mum, mum.

SONG VI.

Tune.—TROLLY-LO.

THERE was a man, and he married would be,
 Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo,
 He got him a wife, but they could not agree,
 Ho, ho! did he so, did he so, did he so.
 But here they do come, and here they do agree,
 Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo,
 For they can't abide themselves, the company, nor
 me,
 Ho, ho! let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go.

SONG VII.

FAIN would I please you all,
 But that can never be,
 Could I please nine in ten,
 Why that's enough for me:
 Wits cry they're squeez'd, and rail,
 And cry, O fye, for shame!
 But were you all in my place,
 Why, you would do the same.

SONG VIII.

Tune.—DOWN, DERRY DOWN.

MAY each wish as he ought that Great Britain may
thrive,

That freedom and friendship may faction survive;

On sea and on shore, as we have, may we shine,

And this year sixty-two, equal fam'd fifty-nine*.

Derry down, down, derry down.

Still guided by justice, may commerce increase,

As we have glorious made war, may we glorious
make peace;

O grant, ye kind powers, freedom's throne long to
sit on,

Our young patriot king, who boasts he's a Briton.

Derry down, down, derry down.

* Alluding to Lord Hawke's complete victory over the
French, 1759.

THE END.

TO

GENTLEMEN OF PROVINCIAL THEATRES.

Mr. WILKINSON requests, that professors of the Sock and Buskin will not *favour* him with play-bills from the several theatres; for they prove truly expensive to Mr. Wilkinson, and must do so to every manager and performer troubled with such inclosures, which are really of no value,—especially as more than one inclosure is to be abolished by act of parliament.

